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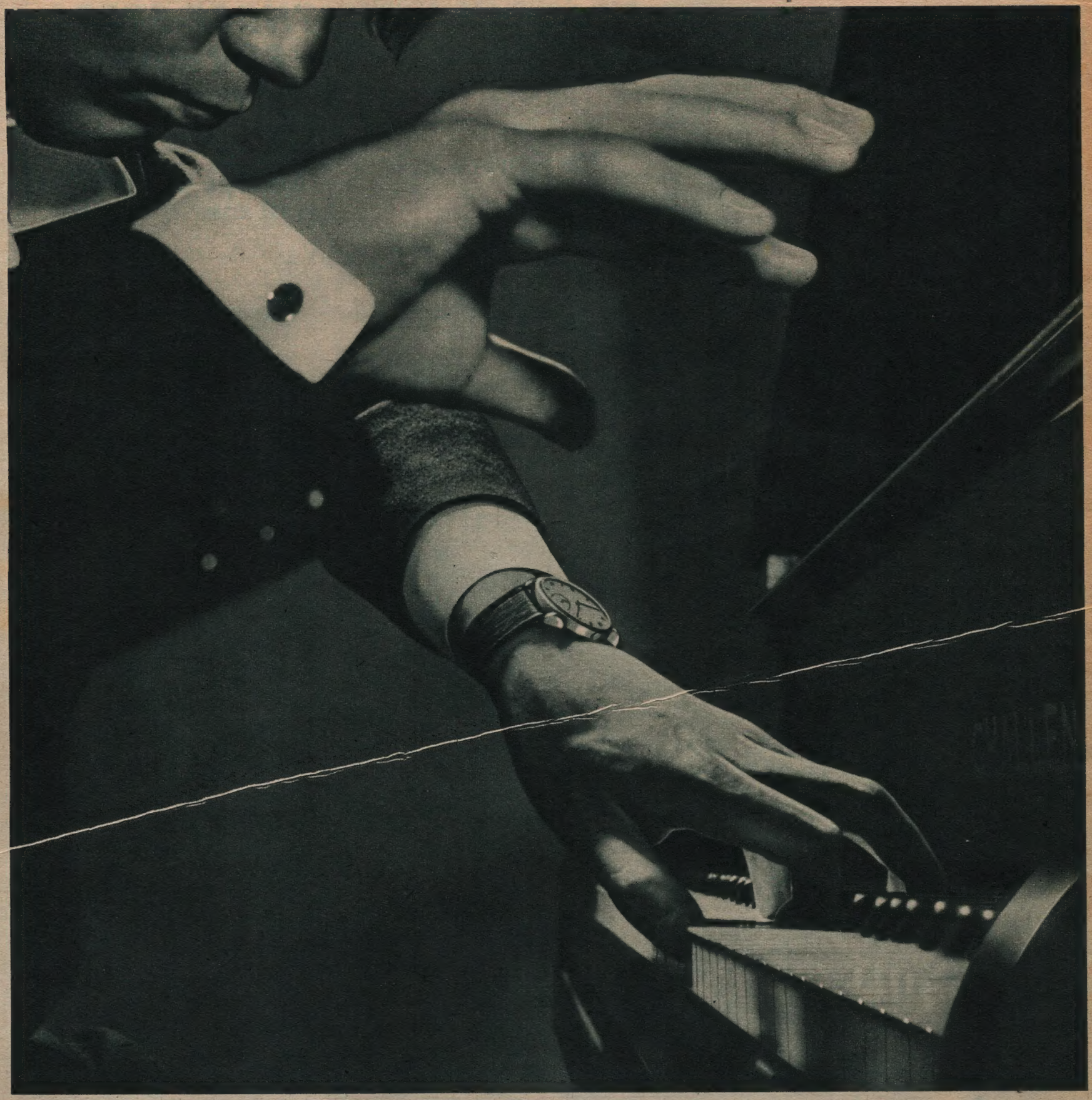

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CHANCERY 3344 FEBRUARY 16, 1957 VOLUME 101 NUMBER 2642

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Reporter Lloyd gets his feet wet—for a story

FOUR years ago Alan Lloyd, an oil salesman in Yorkshire, inserted in a national newspaper an advertisement which said: "Enthusiastic young man, 25, keen to write, seeks job anywhere." The only reply he received took him to Jersey to collaborate in writing a book. The project failed. "But I was so thrilled by life on the island that I decided to stay," says Lloyd. He walked into a newspaper office and got a reporter's job. Then he sent for his wife and two-year-old son.

Later, on a drive round the island, Lloyd's car was stopped in a country lane because of an accident ahead. Lloyd got out to help, and found a farmer taking names and statements, and apparently carrying out police duties. "I was told that he was the district centenier or honorary policeman," says Lloyd. That was his first meeting with the man about whom he writes on page 19.

"People have the idea that the Channel Islands are off the map," says Lloyd. "But I can reach London in little more than an hour—four times as quickly as I used to get there from Yorkshire—and France and Spain are reached cheaply and easily."

Low-priced flying has brought a revolution to the islands. In summer it creates an influx of holiday visitors which grows bigger every year. In winter it fosters a flourishing social life between the islanders. "People think nothing," says Lloyd, "of flying to have tea with their friends in neighbouring islands, and returning in time to put the children to bed."

Soon, Lloyd intends resigning from his newspaper to work all over Europe as a freelance journalist. "I shall keep Jersey as my base," he says. "After all, luxuries are cheap—and income tax is only four shillings in the pound."

DOCTOR JOHN LEONARD WILSON, who has been Bishop of Birmingham since 1953, is one of the most outspoken men in the Church of England today. He is well known for his views on divorce and has written the special article which begins on page 21.

During the war, Doctor Wilson was Bishop of Singapore. After the Japanese captured the city he was interned in the notorious Changi prison camp; he was flogged and tortured but refused to reveal the names of people opposed to the Japanese. He still bears the marks of his tortures.

He remained in Singapore for three years after the war and then returned to Britain, becoming Dean and Assistant Bishop of Manchester before his appointment to Birmingham. He is married and has three children.

At fifty-nine, Doctor Wilson is a vigorous individualist who once referred to the traditional frock-and-gaiters dress of bishops as "this curious, eighteenth-century" style. Last year he was criticized by some people for attending a brewers' dinner. Unrepentant, he later went to a party given by a champagne firm.

But on one point he takes a traditional stand: he condemns gambling in any form—from premium bonds down to church raffles.

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Free Speech

● **Banks with cut-price accounts** ● **Mumbo-jumbo of the law**

● **Is Britain copying Hollywood?**

BECAUSE I felt that the amount of business my bank did for me didn't justify the charge it made, I recently wrote and asked for my account to be closed.

The manager was clearly disturbed, and wrote back and asked to see me. He said that the charge of £5 15s. 0d. for the half-year was quite correct. Then after a while he said: "Would you consider half a guinea a reasonable charge?" He explained that I was considered a "long-term investment," because later my account might be more substantial.

But I closed it just the same. Either the bank has been charging too much, or it expects me to live on its charity.—B. D. L., Birmingham.

"Charges at English banks vary with the number of transactions carried out on a client's behalf," says an expert. "Clients with very large accounts may not actually pay anything because the charge would be covered by interest earned. Bank managers are allowed considerable discretion—but they must make their branches pay."

Proud Walkers

There are twenty families in the street where I live, and there is only one family apart from ours which is ever seen going out for walks. It

seems that this habit of families going walking together is a thing of the past. Certainly I seem to be the only father in the street who *enjoys* walking out with his children.—A. L. P., Durham.

Shilling Shortage

When short of shillings, I used a foreign coin in my electricity meter. The collector called and I told him of the incident, and offered him a shilling, which he refused. Later I received a letter from the electricity board objecting to foreign coins. I suggest that electricity and gas boards should sell counters to be used instead of shillings in meters. It would save endless trouble.—T. F. J., South Wales.

Both gas and electricity authorities have considered a counter system, but turned it down as impracticable. "One reason is that we should be creating our own currency," says an official.

In some parts of the country there are gas meters for florins and half-crowns. At least one electricity board is considering the installation of florin meters.

Better Than Sweets

Most horses like sugar, and most of the ponies in the mine here like sweets from the boys working with them. But there's one pony which prefers a pinch of tobacco snuff. It's amusing to see it wriggle its upper lip and then give vent to a long sneeze.—W. R. PRESTON, Durham.

With Due Ceremony

My neighbour has sold his house, and the other day he asked me to witness his signature on the deed of sale. To my surprise he solemnly placed his finger on a paper seal and recited, "I deliver this as my act and deed," after signing his name.

This fantastic rigmarole must all be carried out in front of a witness, according to his solicitors. Surely a witnessed signature is enough without a lot of mumbo-jumbo.—C. L. M., Bromley, Kent.

"The idea dates back to times when people could not write," says a lawyer. "The formality is still practised to impress upon people the importance of signing contracts."

Seals are mentioned in the Bible and in early Greek literature. They are believed to have been used as far back as 4,000 B.C.

Silent Witnesses

I saw an accident happen recently, and so did at least eight other people. But when a policeman asked, "Did anybody see it?" there was no response. But I am not at all surprised. In court I have seen a witness lashed unmercifully with the biting tongue of the magistrate and the sarcasm of the solicitors.

When witnesses are treated as witnesses, and not as prisoners, no doubt there will be more available.—C. H. W., Cornwall.

Filling Time

I have just changed to a new dentist and found his surgery full of labour-saving ideas. A notice on the front door reads, "Ring once if you have an appointment. Ring twice to make one."

While receiving treatment, I noticed an egg-timer on the wall. My dentist uses this for timing the setting of porcelain fillings, instead of constantly referring to a watch.—K. BINNS, Bradford, Yorks.

No Goalkeeper?

Manchester United ("My Gamble To Make Soccer History," JOHN BULL, January 5) undoubtedly have a great chance of emulating Aston Villa's 1897 success by winning the F.A. Cup and League Championship. But from your picture of Aston Villa's team, it seems that they did it without a goalkeeper.—S. S. T., Birmingham.

Aston Villa's goalkeeper, J. Whitehouse, was in JOHN BULL'S picture, but he wore the same colours as the rest of the team.

Arthur Ellis, the international referee, explains: "This was the custom for goalkeepers until about 1905, although some did wear caps as well. When referees found difficulty in distinguishing them—the only players allowed to handle the ball—goalkeepers began to adopt the distinctive jerseys that they wear today."

Civilized Now

Recently I gave up my cottage in the country and moved into town. I heaved a sigh of contentment when I could take out the sink plug and let the water go away, and draw as much bath water as I wanted without having to pump it all out of the drainage chamber at the bottom of the garden afterwards. I prefer civilization.—WILFRED ROLAND, Wallington, Surrey.

Another Killer

How the tiger failed to eat Kenneth Anderson in "Man-eater Of Kempekarai" (JOHN BULL, January 12), I don't know.

About forty-five years ago I was one of a party which set out to find a *shikaree* (Urdu for a hunter) who had not returned. We found his lifeless body in a pit five feet deep, without a cartwheel covering—which would have been of no use anyway. At the bottom of the pit was a very much alive krait, one of the deadliest snakes. It was trying desperately to climb up the smooth clay surface of the pit wall.—W. SHERRARD-SMITH, Herne Bay, Kent.

All Steamed Up

My husband and I arrived home from work together. He laid the table and I cooked the meal, leaving a tinned pudding on the stove to heat up.

After a while I heard a bang, and when I went to fetch the pudding I found it had exploded. The aluminium saucepan had been twisted and flung across the kitchen, the pudding tin was under the table and pudding itself had been splattered all over the ceiling, walls, floor and dresser. My husband took one look and burst into laughter.—G. F. LEWIN, Maidenhead, Berks.

"Tins of food should always be punctured before heating," says the Canned Foods Advisory Bureau. "Some manufacturers say that this isn't necessary, but we advise it—to be on the safe side."

Rainbows At Night

One brilliantly clear moonlight night I was returning to the house from the coal-shed in the garden, when a shower began to fall. In the sky opposite the moon I noticed a streak of light, which made a perfect arc and seemed to be a rainbow.—G. A. COLLEY, Dunnington, York.

"Rainbows are rarely seen at night—they occur more often during the day, when most showers occur," says a meteorologist. "Rainbows are caused by light being refracted by raindrops but, as moonlight is weaker than sunlight, the colours of lunar rainbows are not distinct."

Jam Yesterday

I wonder what has happened to the fascinating blobs of jam that used to be in doughnuts. Soon they'll be

leaving the jam out of jam tarts. The younger generation, unable to remember prewar cakes, will soon swallow anything, while we older ones are left with our memories of cakes with real cream and real Viennese pastry.—MRS. J. RICE, Sheffield, 12.

"Only a few of us are putting jam into doughnuts now," says a manufacturer. "There are two processes—either halving the doughnut by hand and putting the jam in, or piercing it and squirting it in. Both are expensive methods, and we have found it more economic just to sugar the outside."

Screen Simplicity

Having seen several excellent Continental films, I wonder why British studios don't take the tip and produce a few films of real distinction with simple themes. In trying to ape the Americans, we may make sensational films, but these don't give our actors a chance.—MISS S. M. WHYATT, Retford, Notts.

"We did copy Hollywood fifteen years ago, but not now," says the British Film Academy. "Hollywood goes in for big spectacles, while we concentrate on good, modest-scale films like 'Reach For The Sky,' 'A Town Like Alice' and 'Private's Progress.'"

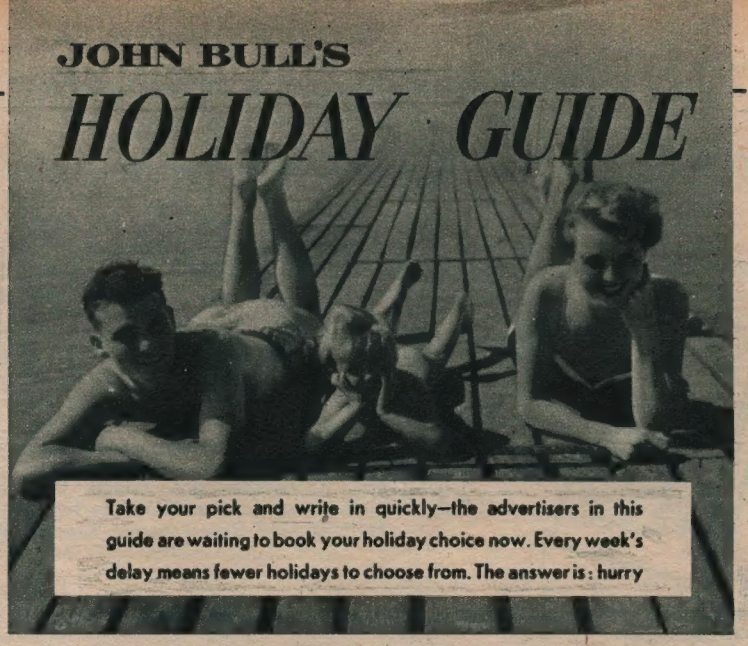
British companies made forty-six feature films in 1955. American companies made 305.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

THERE they were, just sitting down to a normal breakfast, when through the letter-box came something to banish all thoughts of bread and butter from a girl's mind. Who . . . who can have sent it? Soon enough, as cover artist Laurent knows, the envelope will be minutely examined for clues. This is a guessing game that is obviously going to be an annual fixture for years to come. Perhaps, Mother thinks wistfully, it will jog the memory of the man in *her* life. It would be nice to be asked—just once again—"Will you be my Valentine?"

JOHN BULL'S HOLIDAY GUIDE



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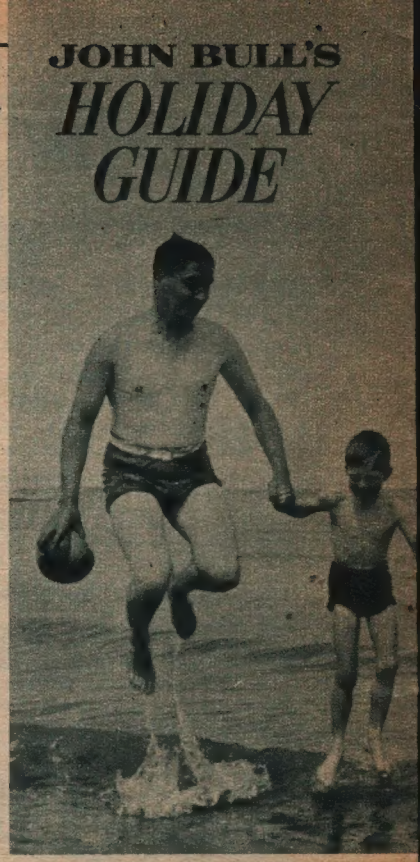

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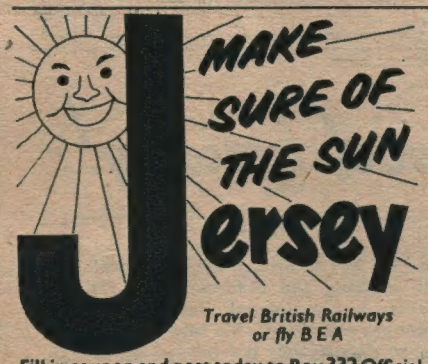

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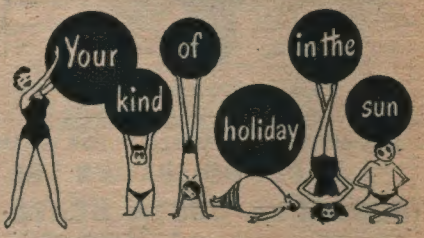

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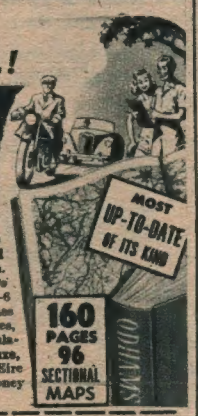

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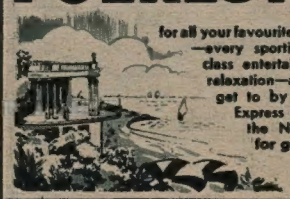

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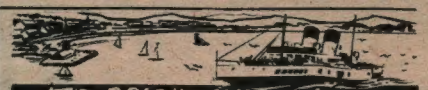

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Keep your temper, Walter

If you don't, you'll lose your girl—that was the theory. But who ever heard of theories working out on a golf course?

by **P. G. WODEHOUSE**

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

WHEN Walter Jukes got engaged to Angela Pirbright, who had been spending the summer in our little community as the guest of a local aunt, we were all very pleased about it. It was the ideal match, we felt; he so stalwart and manly, she more like a lipstick advertisement than anything human.

"And those perfect manners of his!" the women said. "So polite always to her aunt and uncle. It is a treat to listen to him."

It was, in short, generally agreed that the young couple were sitting pretty, and that there was not a

"It's in the bag," Walter cried, radiating confidence. "George Prosser will be less than the dust beneath my chariot wheels"

cloud on their horizon. I was surprised, accordingly, when, running into Walter the day before he was to play George Prosser in the final of the President's Cup, I saw on his face a drawn, haggard look, the sort of look it wore when, as so often happened, one of his drives, intended to go due north, had gone nor'-nor'-east.

"Listen," said Walter. "I'm in a mess. You know that aunt of Angela's?"

I knew her well. Botts was the name—Mrs. Lavender Bingley Botts—and like all women with three names she wrote books. Not novels. I am a broad-minded man and can tolerate female novelists, but Lavender Bingley Botts defiled the English scene with those unpleasant whimsical things. *My Chums The Pixies* was one of her titles, *How To Talk To The Flowers* another, and *Many Of My Best Friends Are Mosquitoes* a third. The rumour had gone about that she was contemplating a fourth on the subject of elves.

"Charming woman," I said.

"Charming woman my foot!" said Walter. "She wants an atom bomb dropped on her. What's the use of Britain having atom bombs if they don't drop them on Lavender Bingley Botts, civilization's most outstanding pain in the neck; on Philibert Botts, her husband, who tells dialect stories; and on Horace Botts, her son, who is all whining and hiccups and an offence to God and man?

"I know what you are going to say. You have frequently seen me giving these chunks of Gorgonzola the old oil. I did it to put me right with Angela—and now all that painstaking spadework will be undone. She just told me that she, Mrs. Botts, and Philibert Botts are going to walk round with me when I play George Prosser tomorrow, and my caddy is to be Horace Botts. You see the peril that looms?"

I said no, I didn't, and he muttered something about somebody, whose name I did not catch, being a fatheaded, ivory-skulled dumbbell.

"Well, look," Walter said. "You would call me a fairly suave sort of fellow, would you not? Of course you would. My suavity is the talk of the place. But I have a weak spot, a fatal flaw in my spiritual make-up. In ordinary life calm, courtly, and polished, the moment I get on a golf course the fiend that sleeps in me becomes awakened. I curse caddies. I snarl at spectators. I make a regular exhibition of myself. So if I am in anything like my normal form tomorrow, what will the harvest be?"

I saw what he meant. "You fear the effect of this generous wrath of yours on your betrothed?"

"Exactly. She thinks me a Chevalier de Bayard. What will she do when she finds I am a sort of Captain Bligh of the Bounty? I'll tell you what she will do. She will recoil from me in horror and give me my cards before I can say 'Henry Cotton.'"

It was a problem that undoubtedly presented many points of interest, and it was one, fortunately, which I could solve.

"I will tell you how you can achieve self-control," I said. "I, like you, was once inclined to become a little emotional on the links. I cured myself by thinking sedulously of Socrates."

"The Greek bloke?"

"The, as you say, Greek bloke. Job would probably have answered equally well, but for some reason I preferred Socrates. He, if you remember, had his troubles—it can't have been at all pleasant for him to have to drink that bowl of hemlock—but he bore them with good-humoured calm and a stiff upper lip.

"If you keep saying to yourself that, even if your best shots go into bunkers, you are much better off than he was, and murmur at intervals the word 'Socrates' or, better, 'Sox'—no, I have it. I will walk round with you tomorrow, and every time I see you hotting up I will whisper the magic word in your ear. That ought to do the trick."

Walter grasped my hand, thanked me brokenly and went off to the bar for a small gin-and-tonic. . . .

He was on the first tee with Angela when I arrived there on the following afternoon. The annual contest for the President's Cup is not one that draws the dense crowd of spectators which you see at some such event as the British Open, for its high-sounding title, as I ought perhaps to have mentioned earlier, is a little misleading. Open only to those whose handicap is not lower than eighteen, it was designed by a kindly committee as a special treat for the under-privileged submerged tenth of our golfing world.

George Prosser and Walter both had a handicap of nineteen, but there was a marked difference between them in action. George played a steady game. He was a vegetarian and teetotaller, and vegetarians and teetotallers all play a steady game. Walter Jukes, on the other hand, was one of those uncertain performers, varying between a dashing scratch and a poorish ninety-nine. I have known him to do the long seventh in three and on the following day to scrape home on the same hole with a spotty eleven. Which W. Jukes, I was asking myself, should we see this afternoon?

I found him radiating confidence. "It's in the bag," he cried jubilantly. "George Prosser will be less than the dust beneath my chariot wheels. He had a hell of a row with his fiancée last night—something about her new hat—and she gave him the old heave-ho. If I can't trim the pants off a fellow who has just received the ring and letters back, I'll never show myself on a golf course again. See, here he comes, looking licked to a splinter."

It was true. George Prosser, who had just appeared, walking towards us with leaden feet, had the air of a man who has been looking for the leak in life's gas-pipe with a lighted candle. It is often this way when a young lover has had a brisk turn-up with the adored object.

George Prosser groaned civilly in response to my greeting and in a hollow voice called "Heads!"—correctly—when Walter spun the coin for the honour. A few moments later the air became full of Bottses, and the game began.

Pro-Walter though I was, I could not but feel a pang of pity for George Prosser. What ensued was a mere massacre. Golf is in its essence a simple game. All you have to do is hit the ball hard in the right direction. Walter, if he hit the ball at all, always hit it hard, and by the law of averages there was bound to come a day sooner or later when he hit it in the right direction. It came this afternoon.

I was consequently not surprised that, with his opponent playing the sort of golf King Lear or Hamlet might have played at the height of their troubles, he should have found himself three up at the turn. His lead would have been even more substantial had he not, at a couple of the short holes, overdriven the green by some two hundred yards, while on the ninth an excess of zeal caused him to miss the cup an unbelievable four times in succession.

There was a brief intermission then, while Walter genially permitted his opponent to regroup his shattered forces. George Prosser wandered off a little way to be close with his grief, and Walter held a sort of court on the tenth tee.

The suavity of his manner had never been more pronounced. He did not so much as wince when Mrs. Botts turned the conversation to the subject of elves. Those little beetles you saw crawling around on the turf were really elves, she said, and when she proposed calling her forthcoming book *Elves On The Golf Course*, Walter, in the heartiest way, said that, plainly, she couldn't do better.

When Philibert Botts told a story of two

Each word was like an atom bomb as Walter

Irishmen named Pat and Mike, Walter laughed unstintedly. He also patted Horace Botts on the head and asked him if he had been troubled with hiccups lately.

Horace said he had had a slight attack earlier in the day but that it had passed off, and Walter said: "Capital, capital! Well, that's splendid." It seemed to me that in bothering to accompany him this afternoon in the capacity of guardian angel I was merely wasting my time.

It was at this point that a girl came tripping across the greensward towards George; a girl with blonde hair in whom I recognized Mabel Case, his ex-fiancée. Not that she seemed so ex. She flung her arms about George's neck and kissed him fondly. Apparently something in the nature of a lovers' reconciliation was taking place and George, as he advanced to the tee, was plainly a new man.

"Gosh!" he cried, sniffing the bracing air. "What a day! How do we stand? Three down, am I not? Well, well, we will soon adjust that state of affairs." And taking driver in hand, he sent a snorter screaming down the course, to lie within comfortable distance of the green.

I could see that Walter was shaken. He just had not anticipated this. To him, I should imagine, it was as though George Prosser had

dissected Mrs. Botts's manners, morals, intelligence and appearance. Long before he reached his peroration the woman was racing for the clubhouse

risen from the tomb. He drove weakly, and his ball fell into the rough.

"Or do you think *Elves In The Sunshine* would be a better title?" said Mrs. Botts.

I saw a strong shudder pass through Walter's frame, and his eyes bulged feverishly. I hastened to administer first aid.

"Sox, Walter!"

He stood for an instant rigid. Then he drew a deep breath.

"Sox it is."

"The position, as I see it," said George Prosser a few minutes later, "is that I am two down. . . ."

"Now one down," he added a few minutes after that. . . .

"And now," he said, another interval having elapsed, "all square. I had an idea you were going to foozle that chip shot."

The chip shot to which he alluded had been a simple one of about twenty feet from a good lie, and I think Walter would probably have made it, had not little Horace Botts hiccoughed as the club was descending. He now turned on the child, swelling like a balloon, and once more I sprang into the breach.

"Sox, Walter!"

There was fine stuff in Walter Jukes. With an effort that probably displaced a couple of ribs, he controlled himself.

"My dear little fellow," he said gently, "try not to make those sudden noises while I am playing."

Horace explained that he had got the hiccups again, and Walter nodded sympathetically.

"Too bad," he said. "And as no doubt at this sad moment you would prefer to be alone, trot off, my boy, and consult your medical adviser. Perhaps you," he said, addressing me, "would caddy for me for the remainder of the match."

JUST as I was about to say that I would be delighted, I observed Philibert Botts shaking like jelly, his invariable practice when a story was coming to the surface.

"Talking of hiccups," he said, "I wonder if you know the one about the two Scotsmen."

I could have warned him not to attempt Scottish dialect. It is so apt to make the nose bleed. It is as dangerous as trying to sing bass. Add hiccups to the Scottish dialect, and the end is inevitable.

Scarcely had he reached the second "och, mon" when he was obliged to hurry off to the clubhouse, a handkerchief to his face, followed by Mrs. Botts and Angela, all womanly sympathy, and I saw a strange new light in Walter's eyes as he asked me for his driver.

It needed no words to tell me what was in his mind. Now, he was saying to himself, he would be able to concentrate on his game with no distractions in the way of pixies, elves, Scotsmen, Irishmen and hiccups. All square, with six holes to go, loved ones far away and only a vegetarian teetotaller to beat. . . . You could see that he was regarding the President's Cup as already on his mantelpiece.

Such was the fury of his whirlwind onslaught that he won the thirteenth and fourteenth with incredible ease, but then he struck one of those bad patches which all golfers know, taking an eight on the fifteenth and on the sixteenth a nine. And as George Prosser, with his steady game, took his usual six, they came to the seventeenth all square once more. Here, recovering, Walter contrived to halve, and everything rested now on what Fate held in store for the final spasm.

The eighteenth was a short hole, and even the sort of golfers who played for the President's Cup found little difficulty in reaching the green with their second. Both men were on with nice twos, but whereas George was a dozen feet away, some Act of God had deposited Walter's ball a

Continued on page 38

Vera in the field outside the cerebral palsy unit. She used to crawl here to meet her friend John, another of the patients

THREE STEPS FORWARD—2

They challenge me to walk

by VERA DEAN

I was nineteen and I had never walked unaided. Would I be able to now? I was determined to try—in secret. Slowly I stood up, waited a moment to steady myself . . .

IN June, 1944, it was decided that Queen Mary's Hospital for Children should be evacuated from Carshalton, Surrey, because of increased German bombing. Most of the children were sent to the north of England, but the twelve of us who were under Mrs. Eirene Collis's supervision went to a women's hospital at Brentwood.

Mrs. Collis was my saviour. As a "spastic," a sufferer from cerebral palsy, I had spent a hopeless childhood, in and out of hospital, sometimes wishing that I could die. But Mrs. Collis, bringing new ideas, had formed a unit for cerebral palsied children, of which I and my friend John were part. And she gave me hope that I could be independent, and of use in the world, in spite of my handicap.

Most of the women patients at Brentwood were epileptics. They occupied the main part of the hospital while we were given the use of a block consisting of two dormitories, a day-room, kitchen, bathrooms.

The teacher we had had at Queen Mary's had gone north with the other children, so a new one, Miss Judy Hernshaw, came. She was only a few years older than myself, and when we were alone I always called her by her Christian name. Mrs. Collis told Judy to treat us as near as possible to normal people.

Judy soon discovered that I could read only a very few words and, as she was so busy with the younger children, she made John my teacher. I was given a very simple book and read him a page each day. John was a hard taskmaster and never allowed me to be lazy. If he thought I was not working hard enough he would say: "If you do not read better than that I will tell all the children what a baby you are."

This was the last thing I wanted, so I always made great efforts, but reading has never come very easily to me.

Everyone worked hard at school and enjoyed it very much. Most of the children were not ready to use a pencil as, by grasping it, they tensed their muscles too much, so they had to do their sums by putting big wooden numbers in the place for the answers.

English was done in much the same way. Of course, this meant a lot of carpentry for Judy as she could get no ready-made wooden numbers and things like that during the war. Some children were unable even to hold big pieces of wood, and the teacher had to sit by them and write down the answers as the children said them.

But everybody did some work, and most did quite a lot.

In the afternoons we painted. Judy bought some patty tins, such as are used for baking small cakes, and put different coloured paints in each hole. Then she gave each of us a jar of clean water and a sheet of cheap drawing paper, which was then stuck to our tables with sticky paper. Every child had his own chair and table made to suit his requirements; the cerebral palsied child must have furniture that fits him, otherwise he cannot work or play properly. Judy then gave us big brushes with large wooden handles, and we had fun trying to paint. She did not mind how much mess we made so long as we got a picture on the paper.

At this time I was still very unsteady, so I

When Vera became an orderly in Mrs. Collis's unit at Queen Mary's Hospital, she helped to keep the younger children in order when they attended services at the hospital church

Lilian Kember tried to teach Vera to walk. We must have looked like a music hall act, Vera says

Vera (second from left) and her sister Gladys on a visit in 1945 to their Aunt Queen and cousin Sylvia (right)

often painted myself as well as the table and floor. Sometimes, John, who sat beside me, would get blue or green spots on his face, and quite often I finished by accidentally tipping the water over everything. I tried to paint all sorts of things, but I can always remember the first thing I attempted.

It was supposed to be an oak tree in a field with a blue sky and little white clouds going by, but what it actually looked like was a brown smudge in the centre of a piece of paper covered with green paint. Gradually my pictures took on a definite shape and painting became one of my most enjoyable pastimes.

Soon after we arrived at Brentwood, Mrs. Collis was given an assistant, named Mrs. Margaret Buck, who was a doctor. And it was here that Miss Lilian Kember came to join us while she was still a student of occupational therapy. She had been a music teacher before she heard of Mrs. Collis.

ONE day, Mrs. Collis came into the schoolroom and astonished us all by saying: "How would you like to give a concert? If you do it well enough a lot of people will come."

We eagerly agreed, and for half an hour each day we had band rehearsal. To beat a drum or knock a tambourine was difficult for most of us, and to do it at the right moment and to keep on doing it was very hard work and needed a lot of concentration. However, we loved it and practised the same tunes so much that I often dreamed about them.

Mrs. Collis realized that when in front of a big audience cerebral-palsied children would probably become extremely nervous and shy. For this reason she asked the matron to send about a dozen women patients to the ward every day to get us used to being watched.

Sometimes John and I were invited to a film show in the main hospital, and we went to the hospital church for the harvest thanksgiving service. It was in this lovely church that John and I took our first communion.

The church was packed with women and nurses, and the nurse at the door told us to sit in the front row so that the vicar would not have far to bring the bread and wine. We sat like two stuffed dummies, not daring to move because everyone could see us, but we enjoyed the service and then watched everyone go up to the communion rail. At last our turn came.

The vicar gave me mine first and everything was all right. Then he tried to give John the bread, but John—who always had difficulty in opening his mouth wide—just could not open his mouth at all. The more he tried to open it the tighter it shut. The vicar kept saying: "Don't you want this bread? It is very nice. Do open your mouth, I have not got all day." He got very upset and John began to cry.

I could feel every eye in that church looking at us, and it was awful. I wanted to shout out: "He can't help it." I never felt so small in all my life.

After about three minutes that seemed like eternity, I said to John, as quietly as I could: "Don't worry, John. Think about something else," and I kept talking to him, and this did the trick. After that awful day, John said: "I will never take communion in a church again."

In late September, while the nurses were putting the children to bed after tea, we two used to go into the orchard and sit under the apple trees. The main road ran along the bottom and we could sit and watch the traffic go by while we waited for the rosy, round apples to fall into our laps. Sometimes we talked and at other times John would sing to me.

We had a great deal of freedom at Brentwood and were allowed to go out whenever we chose. Mother often came down on a weekday and took John and me to the cinema in the town.

Although we enjoyed ourselves at the pictures, we enjoyed much more the weekends when Mother and my sister Gladys took us through the town, past the pond where little boys sailed their boats or caught tiddlers, and on to the common and beyond.

NOTHING is more cherished than the memories of those Sunday afternoons. The tall bracken wore its autumn dress of red and green, the oak trees were just turning brown, and all the countryside became indescribably wonderful. There was a thick, green carpet to walk on and a truly English blue sky. We would go for very long walks across that beautiful open place, and Mother, Gladys and John, with Gladys pushing me in my chair, would go on walking for hours, enjoying every minute of it.

We had been evacuated to Brentwood to get away from the war and the bombing, but we found that we had run more into a danger zone. After four or five months, at Mrs. Collis's request, we went back to Queen Mary's Hospital and a new kind of life.

We were taken to a block at the farthest point of the hospital. It was approximately two and a half miles from the gate and had previously been used as a nurses' training school. There were still only twelve children in our little group, so one of the dormitories was converted into a schoolroom and one of the dayrooms became a dining-room, while the other was used for activities. The rest of the hospital was completely deserted.

Mrs. Collis wanted to get away from the idea that children with cerebral palsy are sick. That

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Nothing could stop the Gulbagh man-eater. Without hesitation she charged the Viceroy's elephant and climbed towards the howdah

THE VICEROY'S TIGER

by NORAH BURKE

Of course His Excellency would have an official target—but a very special one. . . . The Rajah wasn't in the mood to give anything away

IN the time when there were still plenty of tigers in India, His Excellency the Viceroy had occasion to remonstrate with His Highness Sir Shri Mahan Singh, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., the ruler of Kolagarh State.

It was over a matter of the diversion of State revenues to the royal purse. Quite apart from any difference of view in such things, the money was sorely needed for the building of a dam across the Moolti River in order to irrigate several hundred square miles of cultivation. On this land, at that time, many thousands of human beings toiled from birth to death and earned only a rag to wrap round their loins, and a little *dal* and *atta* to put into their stomachs.

It is true that they had but the weapons of Iron Age man with which to work their land—the mattock, the ox-drawn blade—but their real need was water. They brought it to their fields in irrigation furrows and bamboo troughs, and there was never enough of it. A dam across the Moolti would make the desert blossom like the rose.

"Kolagarh State is rich in natural resources," the Viceroy pointed out. "Precious minerals lie in the earth and, where there is forest, fine trees grow above it. The revenue from mines and timber, to say nothing of private mint and postage, is considerable, as Your Highness is well aware, and should be applied to the welfare of the people."

He paused, to judge what effect his words might be having. No one knew it, but the Viceroy was a shy man. Beneath all the splendour and panoply of state was a quiet chap who, of all disagreeable tasks, hated most the delivery of reprimand and punishment. But at the same time he possessed the great qualities needed for high position. In him centuries of British Monarchy were reposing their trust, and not in vain.

His name was John. And he loved India, as men did in those days. Yellowed by sun, bled by fever, they cursed her and loved her. India took their health and children, yet still they came to serve her.

They were thin, lined men in khaki, with topees and huge, drooping moustaches; and their wives were little, faded women who shot tigers and danced till Simla dawns.

John now looked at His Highness, but found no answer in the smooth, jewelled face.

The Rajah sat in durbar splendour. From the cap, crusted with gems, and the forehead ornament, from glowing silks and broidered tunic to starry slippers, he shone. Uncut diamonds bulged like moonstones in his sword hilt.

"My people expect a certain standard," he replied at last. "When I go out, I cannot be seen in these few simple garments. It must be as their ruler."

"The Moolti dam is the first need of Kolagarh," answered John, "and my government will help, as we have explained. That is the first thing that is needed. Also required are schools and hospitals."

"Schools! For the tillers of soil?"

"Yes."

"Hospitals!" The Rajah smiled. "Your Excellency is surely aware that my people refuse to go to such places. If a man is ever carried to hospital, it is to die."

"Because he does not go soon enough."

"I presume your schools will teach him to go earlier?"

"Yes."

The Rajah explained: "I have my elephant stables to keep up."

"The Moolti dam would prevent another famine. Last time, when people ate the bark of trees, when the bones of cattle lay round the dried wells——"

"Last time I donated half a *lakh* of rupees to famine relief. Two thousand bushels of grain were distributed from the palace, and four thousand bales of hay."

"Your Highness was most generous," agreed John, "as is indeed known and applauded throughout the length and breadth of India. I feel sure that the same spirit will show now, so that the Paramount Power does not have to step in and insist upon State revenue being used for State purposes."

"We rulers of Kolagarh," replied the Rajah with a look, "are fighting men, and won our kingdom by the sword. We came here to take, not to give. One day there will be no Paramount Power, Your Excellency."

"One day," H.E. agreed, "there will indeed be other rulers in India instead of Your Highness and myself. But in the meantime there will be a Moolti dam."

The Rajah did not reply. He had no intention of doing anything; but that would not become apparent till later on, and other procrastinations could then be devised.

Now the tigers in India at that time were even more troublesome to the jungle villagers than they are now. Some became cattle-killers and some man-eaters. No one had yet begun to think of preservation and photography instead of rifles. It was still a case of the more tigers killed, the better.

So what the Rajah said next was: "I trust I shall have the honour of arranging a tiger-shoot for Your Excellency very soon. We have good jungles full of many very large tigers. In fact there is a man-eater—a tigress—who now happens to be operating in the Gulbagh area. Perhaps we may have the good fortune to come up with her.

JOHN had a fair idea why he was being invited. It was because a guest cannot press his host, either before or after the visit. In his dealings with this Prince it sometimes occurred to him in his secret heart that, if only the ancient Indian customs of female infanticide and of *suttee* had still been in operation, the mother of this Prince would have died twice over before ever she gave him birth.

But his deep-set, brilliant eyes in their wrinkled sockets did not reflect his thoughts. Instead, because he knew that personal contact can achieve results which other methods will not, he accepted the invitation.

So, later on, when the time came for H.E.'s state visit to Kolagar, there would be a state tiger hunt, and there would be an official tiger for H.E.'s rifle.

The Prince sent for his chief *shikaree*, and he commanded: "There will be a tiger for His Excellency." It was an unnecessary command, but he

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ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Make a note of this
exciting Roses assortment.
Each choice chocolate
gaily wrapped — many a thrilling filling.
Lovely Roses. Made by Cadburys.

Cadbury's

Roses

CHOCOLATES

Mr. Bixby sat up and stared at Jara. He could feel the excitement and the triumph drumming in his dizzy head

Day of Terror

by JOHN D. CRAIG and JOE MARX

There were three of them—fanatics who knew only of killing. Behind closed shutters the villagers sat in fear, waiting. . . . But not Mr. Bixby

LUE, the houseboy, entered the room bringing a small tray. At that hour it should have held a glass of lime juice and a biscuit or two, and perhaps some mangosteens. The tray bore, instead, a loaded revolver.

The Reverend Arthur Bixby reached his hand out mechanically for the glass he expected, and then drew it back again swiftly. Even then, in the jumble of emotions he felt as he saw the gun, he found time to be pleased because he had not jumped or cried out.

It had taken him nearly two years on this Pacific island to learn the value of the straight face, the unshaken calm. He waited for the boy to offer the tray again before he spoke. "Lue," he said, "I don't want that. I have no need for it."

The boy stood before him, his eyes down, his face quiet. He said, almost without moving his lips: "It would be well."

"I do not think it would be well."

"It is customary." The boy shifted slightly on his feet.

"For me," said Mr. Bixby, "it is not customary. I carry no arms. You know that."

"When there are *Hurametahdos*," the boy said, and looked up for the first time, "all men go armed." He spoke with the complete lack of warmth of one who neither fears nor respects nor loves the man to whom he talks.

Their eyes met over the proffered revolver. How little he thinks of me, Mr. Bixby thought, and sighed. He thinks now that I am too cowardly to carry a revolver. He can't see, and I can't make him see, that for me it would be cowardly to carry one.

He saw, looking at the listening, mask-like face, that the boy was no longer thinking of him. Lue's ears and attention were turned towards the street, listening to the faint noise that came from there, to the single far-off sound. Was it a dog barking or a shout—the shout the

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

TWO COMPLETE STORIES

Final Balance

by JOHN NIELD

To Clarence, two and two simply had to make four . . . even if it made his father an old crook

The Strange Mercy

by LARRY FINN

Forest ranger or poacher—one of them would be humbled before the Maori village.... Which one?

A dramatic first-hand adventure presented as a special book extract

THE RACE TO THE SUMMIT

With his hands frozen and useless, Herbert Tichy led an expedition up 26,000-foot Cho Oyu—to beat the Swiss

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

whole village waited for, the cry of terror, the screams of warning? The boy, the room, the street, the village and the island itself—all hung breathless, waiting for nothing but the cry: *"Hurametahdo!"*

"Very well," said Mr. Bixby, and took the gun suddenly. "Thank you, Lue. Since it is customary, I shall carry it. Thank you for telling me."

After the boy had left the room, Bixby put the revolver gingerly in his pocket. He thought of what he had written jestingly to his brother at home only a week before: *My success here may not have been spectacular, but at least since I have been here there has been no Hurametahdo!* The very memory of the words was a mockery now.

No, his success had not been spectacular. Since he had come, to be sure, Jolo had acquired both a church and a school. He couldn't have expected to fill them both immediately. There was a police force, too—made up, moreover, entirely of Christians; fifteen small Tagalogs who were supposed to keep law and order among the Moros on the island, and who lived in almost constant terror of them.

Not that Mr. Bixby could blame them much for their fear. He didn't feel it, but that might be partly because he still considered himself a stranger and a visitor. He knew that the Moslem Moros considered him, of course, a heretic and an unbeliever and a dog of a Christian—but still a guest. Their hate was stored up in a vast reservoir, saved for use in an emergency against the native Christians.

Jolo, with its mixture of Moros and Chinese, had long been considered a difficult spot for a missionary. Mr. Bixby could still remember his pride when he had been chosen to come here. He had been proud that they had faith in him, faith enough to send *him* to a place so isolated, where converts were so scarce and difficult to come by.

Perhaps it was his pride, he thought, that had undone him. Certainly he had met with little success. Leave out the matter of converts, forget the church—which he was certainly not willing to do—even the school had been a failure.

Few of the islanders sent their children. None came themselves. If one had come, he thought, only one—one influential citizen, one important man, like Malluk, for instance—the rest might have followed. But Malluk would not come, no man would come. Malluk *could* not come, even though it had taken Mr. Bixby a long time to understand that. For Malluk to be taught, to admit he still had much to learn, would have been for Malluk to lose face.

THIS business of saving face; he wondered whether a European ever really got to understand it. He didn't think so. This whole business, this tragedy that hung over them, waiting to break—it came from nothing except the importance of saving face. Without that, the affair of Aba-Tue would have been only unfortunate; instead, it was an unreasonable tragedy.

Aba-Tue was the finest pearl diver in Jolo. He was a Moro, born to a people tall and strong and handsome above the average. And of all the Moros none was more handsome or braver than Aba-Tue.

There wasn't a maiden in Jolo who would have been a match for Aba-Tue, except Tallum, the daughter of Malluk. Malluk had taken great care and pains with her training. She was shy and modest and retiring, as all Moslem women should be; she knew what her duties were to be as Aba-Tue's wife. She had not been allowed in the sun for long, and her skin was pale—that highly prized, perfect yellow blend that is neither light nor dusky. Malluk knew that she had value; he was in no hurry to arrange for her marriage. He knew that the longer the story of her beauty was told, the greater the price she would bring.

It was not until Malluk was sure that Aba-Tue was already deeply in love with her that the price was set—two thousand pesos.

Even the size of the sum caused Aba-Tue to be admired and envied. It was the highest figure ever set and agreed upon in Jolo for the hand of a maiden. The village gossiped for days on end as to Aba-Tue's savings, guessing at how much he needed to reach his goal.

In his home, Aba-Tue had a strongbox. Only he and his father, Doma, knew the contents, knew how close he was to his prize. Eighteen hundred pesos were in the box; eighteen hundred pesos that had been carefully gathered, one by one, by diving for pearls, by cautious bets on cockfights.

And then, not three days ago, Aba-Tue, at his work, had come up with a pearl; a very prince of a pearl, an unbelievable pearl, blue and large and heavy. He had stood on the pier among the Chinese merchants, his voice calm, his breath choking him with excitement, watching the merchants vie for his treasure.

Then the oldest and wisest of the merchants said quietly that he would give 550 pesos for it. There was a gasp of amazement, a gasp that ran, in time, through the village and over the island.

Aba-Tue stayed on the pier long enough to receive the money and to ask all he met—and all were his friends on this great day—to come to a wedding festival the next day but one. He described the party he planned, its size and excitement. For now he had the two thousand pesos for Tallum and 350 pesos more with which to give the finest festival ever seen in Jolo.

He finished inviting his guests and rushed home to his father and his strongbox. When he got home he found his father prostrated with grief.

The explanation came haltingly through Doma's anguished lips. There had been a cockfight. The birds were well-matched, but there was no doubt that Aba-Tue's bird was the better—no doubt of it at all. Doma had planned to bet only a little of the money on the fight, but the other bird had many backers. And every bet, of course, had to be taken—Doma could not let it be said that Aba-Tue would not back his own bird in a fair fight. And Aba-Tue's cock, no doubt of it, was the better. Allah himself would have agreed that it was a heaven-sent opportunity to double Aba-Tue's savings, so that he could marry Tallum at once.

There was no way to know that Aba-Tue's cock had an illness which slowed its spurs so that even with the most loving, careful and astute handling, it had been impossible to change his condition. No bird could have tried harder or fought more gallantly. Nevertheless, the cock was dead, and the strongbox empty.

Filial discipline is strong on Jolo, and there was no thought of recriminations. There was nothing Aba-Tue could say to his father; there was also nothing that could alter the fact that his position was now hopeless. If he could ever again save the sum of two thousand pesos—which he doubted—Tallum would be much too old to be married. No one he knew had ever saved that much. He could not go through with the pact. He could not marry Tallum.

And Tallum was doomed, this girl of his heart; doomed to live and die an old maid. Her father was a proud man; he would never lower her price. He could not, without losing face. No one could marry Tallum now.

And the wedding, the party he had boasted of, the friends he had asked? He would never be able to live it down that he had boasted of a party he would not be able to give, invited people to a wedding that would not be held.

He would never live any of it down, he saw that clearly. Losing face this way was worse than being dead. Drunk with his grief, Aba-Tue understood only that. There was only one way out: he would die.

There is no such thing as suicide among the Mohammedans on Jolo. A man merely takes the oath of death, and dies. But before he dies, he takes care to destroy as many Christians as he can reach before he himself is destroyed. Dead Christians are a sure *entrée* into their idea of heaven.

The way in which this is done is as set as the ebb and flow of the tides. Aba-Tue's only solution was death; the only way for him to die was to go *Hurametahdo*. And Doma, who had lost face with Aba-Tue, especially since he caused the misfortune, naturally had to go with his son.

They were neither of them surprised when Malluk arrived at their house later that day. No explanations were necessary. Malluk, hearing of the cockfight and instantly knowing of the

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As a centenier or honorary policeman, Lucas may be called from his farm at any time—to go anywhere

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Farmer Lucas guards Holiday Island

by ALAN LLOYD

From his Jersey farm, Bryan Lucas fights crime. He surprised a smugglers' gang, and captured a runaway thief—in France

A FEW nights after farmer Bryan Lucas was appointed a centenier in Jersey's honorary police he was disturbed in his sleep by the sound of thumping and scraping on the nearby seashore. Pulling on some clothes, he picked up a torch and went to investigate. He found that a well-stocked beach kiosk had been broken into. The culprits had fled.

Lucas knew that they could not have gone far. He telephoned the fire brigade, who brought up a powerful searchlight. The beam picked out a motor-car parked in the gateway of one of Lucas's fields. The back seat was piled with cigarettes.

For two hours Lucas kept watch, hidden in bushes near the car. As first light broke over the island, he saw two strangers approaching. Lucas knew that no one else would be abroad at 5 a.m. He had got his men.

The same week, Lucas had two other cases. A child was drowned off the coast, and a visitor threw himself under a bus. Inquiries had to be made. Witnesses had to be advised of the inquests, which Lucas has to attend.

For forty-eight hours he went without sleep—a foretaste of the time and work he would have to put in as a senior law officer of the parish.

Each of Jersey's twelve parishes has at least two centeniers (pronounced *cen-ten-eers*) elected on a three-yearly basis by the parishioners. Although invested with greater powers than policemen in Britain—for instance, they need no warrant to search premises—they are unpaid. The job is undertaken as a point of honour and good citizenship. Only in the island's main town of St. Helier is a paid and uniformed police force maintained.

At thirty years of age, Bryan Lucas, a stocky islander with level grey eyes and boyishly wavy hair, is the youngest centenier in Jersey. His comparative youthfulness, combined with physical fitness acquired by strenuous outdoor work in all weathers, helps him to carry out his duties.

Once, while chasing a suspect across rough country in the dark, Lucas took a ten-foot fall

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In police affairs Lucas is subordinate to Jack Chevalier (left), the elected constable of St. Brelade. When Lucas is on duty his wife runs the farm; often she helps in his cases

Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it

Player's Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

[NCC 20]

Should the Church accept divorce?

by THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM, the Right Reverend Leonard Wilson

For centuries the Church of England has condemned remarriage after divorce. Has the time come for a modern approach to the problem? Even clergymen cannot agree

CAN a marriage be dissolved? And if so, on what grounds is it dissoluble? There has always been a difference of opinion in the history of the Church of England about the use of the word "indissoluble." Does it mean "cannot be dissolved" or "ought not to be dissolved"?

Some have felt that marriage can be broken only by death. Others have held that there are certain conditions which destroy the marriage bond even in life, and, where it is so destroyed and dissolved, the parties are free to marry again on the grounds that a dissolved marriage should have the same effect as one that is declared null and void.

The difficulty lies in trying to determine what is the element of marriage which makes it indissoluble. Is it the flesh relationship? The vows? The living together? The blessing of God? On these points we have no precise and clear guiding.

I think it is inaccurate to speak of marriage as incapable of dissolution. When we say, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," we are acting in the faith that God has joined them together. In any case, He is joining them through the Church, and it may be that God should desire that they be put asunder and that again the Church could be the instrument of His will in this matter also.

Some people hold that Christ's definition of marriage is found in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and that there He is saying what marriage *is*, and not just what it ought to be: "From the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; And they twain shall be one flesh: so then they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Mark x: 6-9). St. Matthew's Gospel contains a similar definition (Chapter xix: 5-6).

But Christ also spoke about the "bill of divorcement" permitted by the Jewish law laid down by Moses centuries before, and (in Mark x: 5) He declares that Moses allowed such divorce owing to man's "hardness of heart" and his sinful inability to understand the true meaning of marriage as laid down by God. Anyone who divorces his wife and marries another commits adultery, Christ asserts (Luke xvi: 18)—that is, such a man violates the marriage bond as God ordained it should be.

But in considering Our Lord's teaching about marriage and divorce, we must not overlook His words in St. Matthew's Gospel (Chapter v: 32): "Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery." And (Matthew xix: 9): "Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery."

Dr. Wilson. . . . The Church's views "have caused much opposition," he says

Some would argue from this that Christ Himself made exceptions about divorce and remarriage, but most scholars believe that the words "save for fornication" were an early editorial insertion and were not the actual words of Christ.

Faced with the standard of marriage as ordained by God and set forth by Jesus, the early Church soon had to interpret in the light of prevailing conditions of the age. The strictest Jewish sects permitted divorce only for adultery, but others allowed divorce "for every cause" (Matthew xix: 3) and remarriage was permitted. Under these rules a man could divorce his wife merely because he wanted to marry some other woman. Divorce among the Romans and Greeks was also granted for trivial reasons.

So the first Christian leaders felt compelled not only to teach Christ's explanation of the true meaning of marriage, but also to legislate on the principle. St. Paul, writing to the Church at Corinth, a city noted for its moral laxity, sets out by giving his readers the commandment of Christ: "Unto the married I command, yet not I, but the Lord, Let not the wife depart from her husband: But and if she depart, let her remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband: and let not the husband put away his wife" (1 Corinthians vii: 10).

Christ's teaching about God's purpose in marriage and the early Church's legislation about it

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THE STOLEN BOY

by HENRY WADE

ILLUSTRATED BY OSTRICK

A policeman the kidnapper! It seemed incredible, and yet . . . he had been identified—and he had no alibi

LEANING down to the window of Herbert Litmore's car, Superintendent Jonnison said: "I just wanted to wish you a good journey. And a happy holiday to you, Ben." As he spoke, he placed his hand on the window-ledge. The boy noticed it, and a cold thrill of fear took hold of him. . . .

Ben Litmore was ten. His father—owner of the *Farborough Post*—was taking him for a holiday after the ordeal of being held by a kidnapper for five days. He had been freed talking incoherently of the large man who drove the car that snatched him away, of the woman who bent over the bed where he lay in captivity, of a patch on the ceiling, and of a mysterious "elephant." Quite obviously, he had been kept under drugs.

The case was a baffling one for the police of the north-eastern seaport of Farborough. Jonnison's colleague, Dale, the C.I.D. chief, was not surprised to hear about the woman; she was probably the same slightly built motor-cyclist who had collected the £10,000 ransom exacted from Herbert Litmore.

But how did she tie in with the chief suspects—the men who ran the city's funfairs? Litmore's newspaper had hit at the funfairs as centres of vice. Threatening letters told him to stop the campaign. Then came the kidnapping. Dale had to find what linked all this together.

He had suspicions but no proof. One line of investigation seemed hopeful. He had a hunch that the kidnapper had taken Ben to Duquesne Road—an unsavoury area known locally as "the Dukeries."

But now a new development was to cut right across these neat deductions. As Litmore's car pulled away, Ben thought of the hand he had just seen—Superintendent Jonnison's hand. He clutched, white-faced and trembling, at his father's arm. "Daddy, Daddy!" he whispered. "That was the man. . . ."

PART THREE

"Call In Scotland Yard"

FOR a moment Herbert Litmore was barely conscious of what his son had said. When he did realize the significance of it, his instinct was to pull up, but a glance in the mirror told him that the police car was just behind; shaken as he was, he had sufficient presence of mind to drive on.

He put his left hand on Ben's knee. "Tell me about it when we're out of the city, old man," he said quietly.

The traffic was thinning out as they ran into the outer suburbs, and soon there was a quiet stretch with a lay-by, into which Litmore turned his car. "Now, Ben," he said when they were stationary. "What have you got on your mind?"

The boy was playing nervously with his hands. He said: "His finger, Daddy; didn't you see? The man in the car—the man who . . . who took me away—I saw his hand; the middle finger wasn't there—not the top half. Same as that policeman just now. I've only just remembered."

Ben was shaking, and Litmore put his arm round him. "I expect a lot of people have lost half a finger like that," he said quietly. "I must think about this. Of course, I feel sure that Superintendent Jonnison cannot have been the man who kidnapped you, but I think I must tell the chief constable."

"Oh, you're not going back?" said Agnes Litmore anxiously.

Her husband shook his head. He was driving his wife and son down to Eastbourne. It was much too far to go in one day; his intention had been to stay the night at Peterborough. That was still his intention, but he must somehow get a word with Richard Faidlaw first.

"There's a pleasant little inn at Great Tolly, Agnes," he said. "I suggest we stop and have lunch before we settle down to the long drive. I can telephone him from there."

It was not long before they were at lunch in the old coaching inn at Great Tolly, which lay off the motor routes and was quiet and clean. They had barely finished when Faidlaw, the chief constable, appeared and joined them in the lounge. Presently the two men and the boy went out to sit together in Faidlaw's car.

Ben had now largely recovered his nerve, and he told his story quietly and without emotion. The chief constable asked him one or two questions, told Ben that he had been quite right to report what he saw, and wished the family a happy holiday.

Getting a word alone with Litmore, Faidlaw said: "Thank you, Herbert. You gave me a shock over the phone, but I'm sure Ben just made a mistake. It's simply impossible that Jonnison could be in a thing like this. All the same, you were right to tell me at once, and I shall look into it."

Waving the Litmores off on their journey, Faidlaw got into his car and drove slowly back to Farborough. As he drove, he let his mind wander back to that evening when the boy was taken. Ben and his friend Jack Smead had been coming back from the boxing—the boxing organized by the police. Jonnison, of course, would know all about that.

And then a much more uncomfortable thought surged into Richard Faidlaw's memory. On that night when Litmore had come to Headquarters to tell him what had happened, he had at once sent for Jonnison, as well as Superintendent Dale, and Jonnison had not appeared—could not be found; he had said that he would be at . . . what was it? A dance? No, a whist drive; but he had not been found there. Faidlaw could not now remember whether he had ever heard why. Well, he must find out now.

His telephone call caught the superintendent

Ben was shaken and nervous. "

His finger, Daddy," he said. "Didn't you see? The man who . . . who took me away—I saw his hand; the middle finger wasn't there . . ."

in charge of Park Division just leaving the station, and within minutes Jonnison was standing before him.

THE chief constable came straight to the point. He said: "Mr. Jonnison, on the evening that young Litmore was kidnapped, I asked for you to be sent for—and I was told that you could not be found. I don't know that I ever heard what the reason for that was; will you please tell me now?"

Superintendent Jonnison showed some signs of surprise. "I am very sorry indeed, sir," he said. "I don't think that I was asked—officially—but I did tell Superintendent Dale.

"I was to have gone to a whist drive with my wife, and I left word at the station that that was where I could be found. But before it was time to go there I received a phone call to say that my brother—he's a commercial traveller—had been seriously injured in a motor smash and had been taken to Newcastle General Infirmary, and I set off there at once. I am afraid I was so distressed that I forgot to notify the station."

Faidlaw felt relief flood over him. This was a complete answer. His manner at once relaxed.

"I'm very sorry to hear that," he said. "I do hope it did not prove to be so serious after all."

Jonnison's manner had tautened rather than relaxed. He said: "As a matter of fact, sir, it was a false alarm."

"A false alarm? How do you mean?"

"When I got to the hospital, I found my brother wasn't there and that they knew nothing about him. They very kindly rang round to the other hospitals, but he wasn't there either. I came to the conclusion that it was a hoax."

"A damn cruel hoax. Did you go to the city police?"

"Oh no, sir. I didn't want to bother them about a thing like that. If it was a hoax, it wouldn't be a Newcastle one; it would be someone in Farborough."

"Did you tell anyone here—take any steps to trace the hoaxer?"

Jonnison shifted uneasily on his feet. He did not appear to relish this close questioning. He said: "No, sir. I did not. We were all taken up with this kidnapping case and I just let it slide. I told my wife, of course."

The chief constable looked thoughtfully at his superintendent. This sounded a terribly thin

June Hansen turned the picture on its face. "There is no need for you to examine my photograph," she snapped

story. A hoax—and no one told about it; no one except his wife, whose evidence could not be relied on, or even called for in a court of law. An investigation was unavoidable. And in the meanwhile a police officer was under suspicion—a senior officer in charge of a division. . . .

Faidlaw's voice resumed its curt, formal note when he spoke again. "Mr. Jonnison, I have to tell you that the boy—young Litmore—claims to have recognized you as the man who gave him a lift in West Way."

The colour drained from Jonnison's face. His mouth opened and then closed into a tight line.

The chief constable waited for a moment and then said: "You will understand that this must be investigated, and that I cannot leave you in charge of your division while that is done."

"Am I under arrest, sir?" asked Jonnison.

"No, no. I can't leave you on duty, though, Mr. Jonnison. Please return to your home now, and I will presently have Inspector Lattery informed that you are on sick leave. I shall send Dr. Gallen up to see you. What you tell your wife is for you to decide."

The look of utter misery in his superintendent's eyes touched the chief constable. "Mr. Jonnison," he said in a gentler voice, "I have an absolutely open mind about this. Every instinct tells me that young Litmore is mistaken. But I *must* look into it. You will understand that, I am sure."

Jonnison gradually relaxed and the colour was coming back to his face. He said: "Thank you, sir; I will do what you say. I should just like to say that I am not guilty."

FAIDLAW nodded, but said no more, and a moment later Jonnison left the room. Directly he had gone, the chief constable began to feel the strain of this difficult interview. He felt a need to share the burden, and the only person he could do that with was his assistant, Hyde.

Hyde listened attentively to what Faidlaw told him, but he asked no questions.

"It seems to me that there is one step that might be taken before we bring Dale into this," said the chief constable. "If Jonnison really was at Newcastle General Infirmary that night, he would presumably have been there somewhere between nine and ten; he says he left here between quarter past seven and half past. In that case he cannot possibly have picked young Litmore up in West Way at nine fifteen. That would let him out. What do you think?"

Appealed to, Hyde at once responded. "Well sir, I'd just like a little time to think about that last point, but may I suggest that I go straight up to Newcastle myself tonight and clear up the question? If I get there about nine, the night staff will be on duty."

So it was arranged, and the assistant chief constable decided to start at 7.30 and drive all out in order to check what was the shortest possible time for the journey. He reached the hospital at five minutes past nine. It did not take him long to find out the routine for inquiries; the night porter dealt with them, telephoning to the ward sisters.

Hyde established his identity and then said that he had come to check up on a statement; could the porter confirm that a Mr. Jonnison, who might have called himself Superintendent Jonnison, had called to inquire after his brother on the night of Tuesday, April 5, and if so, at what time?

The porter shook his head. "Inquiry, sir? I get two a minute—or so it seems like; certainly so many that I can't recall them—what is it?—ten days later. But the ward sister might remember. Do you know what ward the brother was in, sir?"

"That's just the point; he wasn't here; it was a hoax. What I want to be sure of is that Mr. Jonnison did call here to inquire."

The porter frowned. "Half a mo'," he said. "That rings a bell. I do remember a chap who

Continued on page 30

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Winifred Atwell, the pianist, and one of her admirers in the car that bears her initials

Portrait on the number plate

by KEITH ELLIS

With ingenuity, a little luck and £5, a motorist can make his car tell his life story

AMBROSE VICTOR HITCHMAN was proud of his new car. All he needed now was a registration number to correspond with his initials. The commercial manager of a Leicester aircraft firm, he remembered seeing the newly issued AVH group on the roads during prewar business trips to Yorkshire. If one of these numbers was void, perhaps he could get it for himself.

Hitchman wrote to the Huddersfield motor taxation office which had issued the group. Two weeks later, he heard that his request had been granted. The authorities had started their search for a void number at the beginning of the AVH list and by a coincidence, the very first number was available. Would he accept this?

"Of course I accepted," he says. "AVH 1 was the best I could possibly have had." Like everyone else who wants a special registration he had to pay a fee of £5.

Although Hitchman's number 1 places him in a small and highly select group, he is only one of thousands of motorists who have their initials on their number plates. London, the largest licensing authority, receives hundreds of applications a year. Average-sized counties consider about one a week. Many are from people in the theatre, business or politics who look on a distinctive number as so much free publicity.

Typical examples are Dave King's DK 7, Winifred Atwell's WA 567 and Eve Boswell's EB 10. Lady Docker has ND 5 and Roger Gresham Cooke, Tory M.P. for Twickenham, RGC 1. Sometimes, the initials refer to an official appointment. The Air Minister's official car bears the number AM 1; the Greyhound Racing Association has the numbers GRA 1-6.

Hitchman finds it hard to explain why he wanted his initials on his number plate. "It gives you a bit of prestige," he says, "and it's sometimes a talking-point."

A psychiatrist recently said: "It's a narcissistic ego manifestation and quite healthy. It's like a lot of other things beyond the utilitarian—like putting initials on luggage."

The pains some people will take to get a particular number may seem unreasonable to the uninitiated. Lord Burghley, President of the Amateur Athletic Association, wanted AAA 1 so badly that after tracing it to a 1935 car he gave the owner his estate wagon in exchange. He then transferred the number to a new car.

A few car owners aim at something more subtle than mere initials. One of the most famous was Harry Tate who contrived to express his whole surname in two symbols—T 8.

Lord Brabazon reminds passers-by who see FLY 1 on his car that he holds the first pilot's licence granted in this country. Similarly, Joe Davies stakes his claim to superiority in the snooker world with CUE 1. For years the Western Brothers had CAD 1, and Bud Flanagan OI 1. Others have acquired letter-combinations which suggest their business. LOT 2 belonged to a Clacton auctioneer.

Perhaps the most famous number of all is A 1. It was the first number issued—in 1903—and belonged to the then Earl Russell.

Two years later, the number passed to an L.C.C. official who shortly afterwards sold his vehicle to a car-dealer named George Pettyt. For the rest of his life, Pettyt transferred the number to every car he had. One day, he was driving through Doncaster when a policeman stopped him. "What's that you've got on your number plate?" he demanded. Pettyt explained that it was the registration number but the policeman refused to believe him. Only after a call to London had established that there was such a number and that Pettyt was the rightful owner was he allowed to go free.

When Pettyt died, nine years ago, he left the car bearing A 1 to Trevor Laker of Leicester. "One of the conditions," says Laker, "was that I added a codicil to my own will to the effect that when I died, the number be sold and the money be sent to a dogs' home. I've already turned down an offer of £2,500 for it."

The law says that a car must be registered with "the council in whose area it will be ordinarily kept." Normally, numbers allotted to cars remain with them until they are destroyed or sent permanently out of Great Britain.

One- and two-letter marks were originally allotted to local licensing authorities at random. A few such as DT (Doncaster), those containing I (Ireland) and those containing S (Scotland—except for SZ which is County Down) gave some indication of their origin. The majority did not.

When the one- and two-letter groups were used up, the licensing authorities were allotted three-letter groups which consisted of a prefix letter added to the original two-letter groups. There are only two exceptions. GPO is not, like PO, a West Sussex mark. It has been allotted to London for the use of GPO official cars. USN, which should normally have been a Dunbarton mark, has also been allotted to London for use by the United States Navy.

For various reasons, the use of certain letters is restricted. Z appears only in Irish marks and Q only in a few London numbers reserved for foreign cars temporarily registered in Britain.

There are several ways in which a car owner can get a special number. The law is not very precise and practice varies between authorities. But most motor taxation officers are willing to be more helpful than they will publicly admit.

If a motorist already has the number he wants on his old car, it is a simple matter to have it transferred to a new one. If not, he can find from the A.A. Handbook which authority has been allotted the number and write to them. Assuming that the number has not yet been issued and the "owning" authority agrees, he may then ask his local authority to get the number for him. But he will have to wait to within a few months of the time at which the number would normally have been issued.

If the number has already been issued, he can either buy the car bearing it or prove that it has been "broken up, destroyed or sent permanently out of the country." Some authorities may help him to do this by giving, for a statutory fee of one shilling, the name and address of the car's last known owner. But they will do this only if the car has not been licensed for some years and seems likely to have become derelict. Other authorities would instead pass on his request to the last known owner.

Sometimes, the number belongs to a car which is still in use. Some authorities will then allow the motorist to buy the number from the present owner (a typical price for a number with no special value is £10) and then re-register both cars. As with all other number-transfers, the fee is £5. "Strictly speaking," says one taxation officer, "it's not legal to change the registration number of a car. But I see no harm in it. And anyway, the revenue gets £5."

Although the number of licensed vehicles at May 1956—6,499,000—was much smaller than the possible number of combinations consisting of three letters plus three numbers—17,558,424—many of them are wasted on vehicles that have gone out of use without the authorities' knowledge. Other blocks have been allotted to small authorities which issue only a few numbers a year, and undesirable combinations of letters are not used.

Some authorities have already used up their allotments and are now issuing former combinations with the number before the letter. Middlesex issued 1 H in June, 1953.

Motorists who have registration letters which bear no resemblance whatever to their initials may take comfort from the fact that the practice is not always an advantage. Some years ago, someone suggested that the then Princess Elizabeth should have the number HRH 1. By a coincidence, it had just been issued to a man in Hull, but he willingly gave it up and the number appeared on the royal car.

Unfortunately, the royal advisers had failed to foresee the large crowds which gathered everywhere the car went. "Everyone knew whose it was," says a Palace official, "and the Princess soon got rid of it."

Now, as sovereign, Elizabeth is the only person in the country who is allowed *not* to have a number.

THE END

When an incendiary bullet is fired into an untreated tank of aircraft fuel, it immediately bursts into a mass of flames. But when the tank contains a suppressant mixture, the explosion is stifled at birth: the only outward clue is a wisp of chemical

Split-second war on blast

With Robert Maisey's aid, industry pounces on explosions before they can destroy

by DON EVERITT

IN the middle of a hollowed clearing in a wood not far from Stockholm, two Englishmen worked feverishly on a concrete blockhouse, installing equipment for an explosive experiment. The next morning, government, military and industrial observers from all parts of Scandinavia assembled at the clearing. Ambulance-men stood by their vehicles with stretchers waiting on the ground. Firemen held their hoses at the ready. Soldiers distributed steel helmets.

Shortly before ten o'clock, a Swedish Air Force officer in charge of the experiment gave orders to his technicians to start filling the concrete blockhouse with propane gas. Within a few minutes, it contained what is known as an ideal mixture of gas and air, one which would give the maximum explosive force and would blow any ordinary building to pieces.

The officer blew a hooter ordering everyone present to don his helmet and to retire behind barriers 150 feet from the blockhouse.

Everyone except the two Englishmen obeyed: they sat bareheaded on the grass in front of the barriers.

The officer began to count the seconds in Swedish: "Ten, nine, eight . . . four, three, two, one, zero. . . ."

All but two of the spectators tensed as the officer pressed the ignition switch. The Englishmen smiled with satisfaction as they heard from the blockhouse not a violent, shattering roar but a small tick. The building remained whole.

The other spectators crowded round the Englishmen, offering their congratulations.

"That experiment was our first officially recognized success," says one of the two men, Robert Maisey. Many people "had doubted whether we could suppress a powerful explosion. Now we'd shown them. We've never looked back."

Maisey, a thoughtful and deliberate forty-four year old engineer, is manager of the industrial explosion suppression department of a Gosport, Hampshire, firm. In the last four years, his department has developed a technique, the only one of its kind in the world, which is already saving British and Continental industry thousands of pounds a year and promises to reduce considerably the annual average of a thousand injuries and fifty deaths from explosion accidents.

The development of the explosion suppression technique practised by the Gosport firm began at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, Hampshire, soon after the last war. Two research chemists there investigated the possibility of stopping explosions in aircraft fuel tanks struck by incendiary bullets.

Instruments showed them that a fractional time lag occurred between the ignition of a fuel vapour-air mixture and the actual explosion. In this period the explosive pressure develops in a growing ball of flame. An ideal mixture in a one-gallon tank takes fifty thousandths of a second to reach explosive pressure. The larger the container the longer the flame takes to reach maximum pressure.

"These two scientists noticed," says Maisey, "that within this fraction of a second the pressure builds up comparatively slowly at first. If they could detect this early rise in pressure before it got out of control, they felt that they still had time to extinguish an explosion.

"They invented an electrical detector which would react when the pressure rise exceeded a predetermined rate. This in turn fired a detonator which instantly blasted a cloud of tiny droplets of chemical suppressant over the explosive area at two hundred feet per second. That's many times faster than the speed of the ball of flame. The suppressant extinguished the explosive flame by chemical action, by cooling and by stifling any unburned explosive mixture.

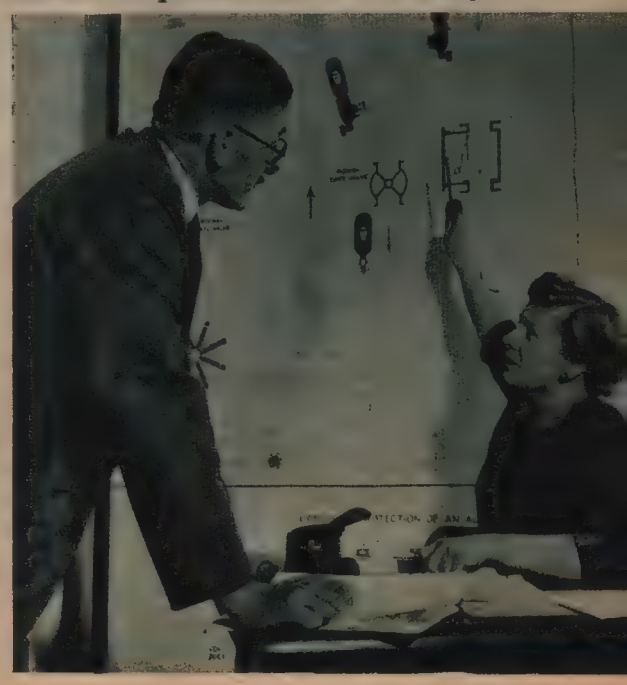
"The scientists found that they could check an explosion in a one-gallon tank with thirty-nine thousandths of a second to spare. This is the principle on which our basic equipment works today."

THE Ministry of Supply, in 1949, offered to the Graviner Manufacturing Company of Gosport a licence to develop and produce the new device for aircraft. Graviner, formed in 1933 by Danish-born Anders Mathisen, already had a world-wide reputation as pioneers in aircraft fire protection equipment. Mathisen and his board seized this new opportunity.

In 1952, B.B.C. Television showed a film of explosion suppression tests in fuel tanks in an aircraft wing at Farnborough. As a result of this film, firms constantly beset by the danger of dust and gaseous explosions caused by friction or static electricity asked Mathisen if he could supply industrial explosion suppression devices. At this stage, Mathisen took on Harold Robert Maisey to open up an industrial department.

Maisey, a Warwickshire man, came from the Atomic Energy Research Establishment. Previously, he had worked for electrical engineering firms as a designer. "I had never worked with explosives before, but I liked the sound of the

Copper hemispheres are scored so as to burst open when detonated. The chemical inside spreads out over the explosion. Below: Suppression expert Robert Maisey discusses a problem with his secretary



Graviner job because it offered a rare opportunity to do some pioneering," he says.

Maisey found pioneering in plenty. It took him and his staff of two fitters, a draughtsman and an assistant two years to produce practical equipment for use in industry.

"We developed a detector with a diaphragm which snaps on to an electrical contact when the pressure rises quickly in the protected part of the plant. We put the detonator and the chemical suppressant in float balls taken from old cisterns; but they didn't work very well. The problem was to find a container which would burst in such a way that the chemical would spread an even blanket over the explosion. We took films of dummy suppressions to watch the various spreads in slow motion. We finally settled for half spheres of copper, scored so that they burst open in petal fashion."

Maisey had to discover by trial and error how much suppressant he needed to prevent a given explosion. He tried various chemicals. He even used water and bicarbonate of soda; but neither worked. Today, he uses chlorobromomethane, "C.B. for short." It extinguishes an explosion flame instantly and is only slightly toxic.

"Our early days were both anxious and exciting. We wondered constantly if we would succeed. We never quite knew in our experiments whether we would hear the tick of the suppressor operating successfully or a hell of a bang."

Using various test chambers, including two 250-gallon water tanks bought at a scrapyard, Maisey and his small team carried out their early experiments at an army firing range. They made themselves such a nuisance, interrupting army activities, that Maisey sought a fresh site. From the Admiralty, Graviner now rents for £15 a year part of Fort Browndown, which French prisoners built three miles from Gosport during Napoleonic times.

Maisey's firm has to insure the old fort for £1,000 to pay for any damage he may cause. So far, the building remains intact. Once, Maisey did fail to suppress an experimental explosion in one of the rooms, but an emergency relief vent operated and prevented any damage. The only other mishap of note occurred when a metal bottle was blown into a factory a hundred yards away at the feet of the managing director. Maisey says laconically: "He accepted my apologies."

With his experiments successfully completed, engineer Maisey had to turn salesman. "That was even more worrying, trying to get the first order. Everyone was cautious. But eventually I found a customer, a grinding plant at St. Albans."

In the two years since then, Maisey has fitted explosion suppression equipment in a variety of British, German and French plants susceptible to dust and gaseous explosions.

In addition to the suppressors, Maisey usually fits an assortment of accessories, all designed to make the system infallible. These consist of high-speed vents, high-speed valves to isolate explosions, and control units which contain an automatic emergency power supply and an automatic relay to shut down entire plants instantly.

Maisey says that he can today suppress any explosion which reaches its maximum pressure in not less than forty thousandths of a second, and that batteries of suppressors, which range in capacity from roughly one to nine pints, can cope with an explosion of almost any size.

To date, he reports twenty successful suppressions among his industrial clients and no failures. He says: "We make our claims as carefully as the R.A.F. made theirs during the war."

Though he will not disclose his department's turnover "for fear of attracting competitors into the field," he says that it has trebled in the three financial years in which he has sold equipment. His department now has a staff of twenty-two compared with its original four.

The cost of installing explosion suppression devices has varied from £200 to £5,000 according to the size and intricacy of the plant concerned. These figures compare favourably with the cost of the average factory fire resulting from dust and gas explosions and with the cost of other anti-explosion techniques used in certain plants.

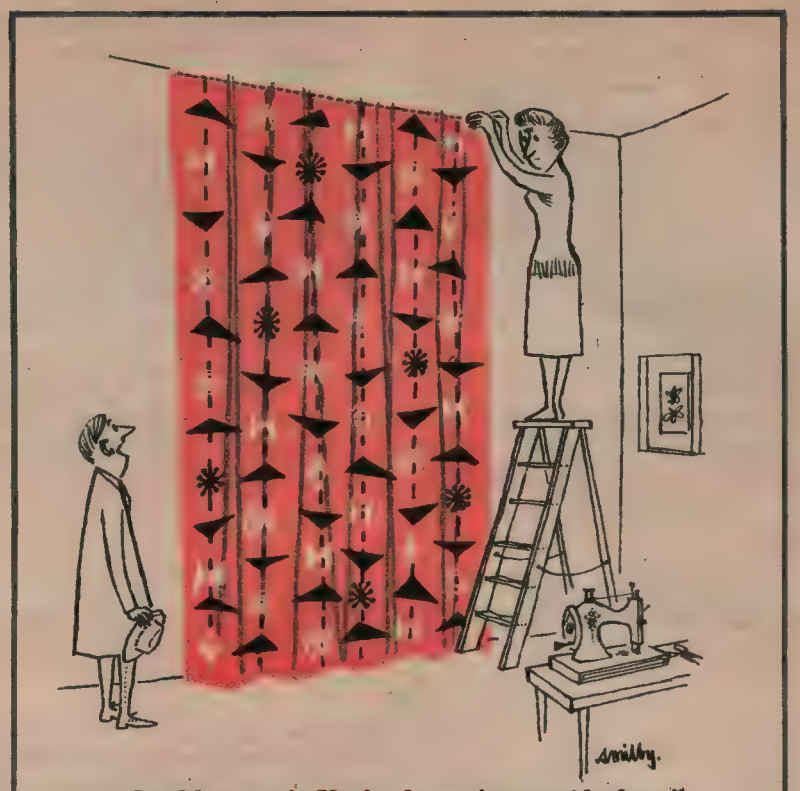
A factory grinding cellulose acetate, the raw material used in making rayon, at one time prevented explosions in its plant by replacing the air in the danger spots with carbon dioxide. This cost £5,000 a year. Eighteen months ago, Maisey installed suppression devices at a cost of £500. The plant has since had four explosion suppressions, "but it can have many, many more before our reconditioning charges get even near to the annual cost of the carbon dioxide."

Maisey lays great emphasis on after-sales service. "A manufacturer may be pleased to see his factory not in ruins, but he hasn't the time to stand admiring it. He wants the suppression equipment reconditioned as fast as possible so that he can get back into production in safety." With his assistant, Maisey has answered calls from all over Britain and at all hours after suppressions have occurred.

One Saturday a factory manager in Lancashire telephoned him in Gosport, and early on the Sunday morning Maisey flew with replacements from London Airport to Manchester. He reached the factory at 1 p.m. and worked through the night. At five on the Monday morning the plant resumed production.

Insurance companies so far show varying degrees of interest in the explosion suppression equipment. "Some have made no concessions for firms installing our devices. Others have cut their premiums."

Maisey and the Graviner suppressors have almost certainly saved one firm from going out of business. The factory operates a grinding plant which used to blow up so often that the insurers threatened to make their premiums prohibitive the very next time it erupted. Then Maisey came along and installed suppressors at a cost of £200: "Explosions have started six times since then," says Maisey, "but we snuffed them all out. The firm has not heard another word from the insurance company." THE END



"Good heavens! You've hung them upside down"

OPPORTUNITY—1

Hell is paved with good intentions and roofed with lost opportunities.

Proverb

The Viceroy's tiger

Continued from page 15

nevertheless chose to give it to his servant.

"Yes, Huzoor."

"See that it is a small one."

"Huzoor, the tigers in this jungle are large and numerous."

To which the prince replied simply: "*Hukm hai.*" Which meant, not merely that this was an order, but that it must be obeyed.

So the *shikaree* went away, much perturbed; for, though he was a man who knew every leaf in his jungle and who could be relied upon to produce a fine tiger for any bigwig who might visit the palace, and marigolds afterwards in the hands of joyful villagers to bedeck the victor, it was a lot to ask that the Viceroy's tiger should be a small one. There were tigers of all sizes in these jungles to be sure, but to direct a certain size to a certain rifle was a task indeed. However, *hukm hai*, he had to try.

The day before the state tiger-shoot, trackers located the pugs of a half-grown cub in the sand of a dried river bed, and marked the place where the young tiger was lying up for the day in heavy cover.

With a line of beaters, the chief *shikaree* first cleared all game out of the considerable area of mixed but largely grass jungle which the royal howdah elephants would search tomorrow for tiger. Then, again with a line of beaters, he moved the cub, without alarming it, into this grass.

After that he put stops in trees all round this vast area, and heartened the men by reminding them that tigers do not climb trees, not even the Gulbagh man-eating tigress, whose district in any case only fringed this one.

"And who," he declared, "began as a cattle-killer and still is. She does not kill man more than once or twice a month, and she killed last week in Chorgalia, more than a hundred miles away."

Then he left them to their vigil, adjuring them not to sleep, but to talk quietly and show a light or two, and tap the trees gently now and then throughout the night, to keep the cub from wandering.

The men settled to their task, with silver-cold mist lifting jungle scents to their nostrils instead of the smells of cow-dung dust and curry in their own earthen huts.

But, during the night, the mother of the cub joined him. She passed the line of stops without the least trouble and no tremor of fear, for she was the Gulbagh man-eater and not afraid of men. She might have led the cub out of the grass, but that night he and she together killed inside it a wild pig who had escaped the beaters and they fed on that. Then they decided to lie up for the day.

The morning, as usual, dawned brilliant blue, and the mahouts were busy early getting harness on their elephants ready for the day's work. In the usual manner of royal tiger hunting at that time, each gun would have an elephant to himself, with, of course, the mahout on the animal's neck, and a *chuprassi* in the howdah with him to hand up rifle and cartridges. By standing in front of the howdah, the guns commanded, from a height of fifteen feet or so, a good view of the jungle before them.

There was also a number of small pad elephants at hand to help walk the grass, to bring home game, and to transport food, drink and table servants.

For himself and his important guest the Prince had ordered his two best *shikar* elephants, Balmati and Chandramala. They were big animals, caught years ago in Mysore, and they were steady with tiger.

For *shikar* everyone wore khaki, even the Rajah. Jewels, aigrettes, peacock feathers—all were eschewed.

"These jungles," said the Prince for all to hear, as he and the Viceroy came out to mount the elephants, "are famed far and wide for tiger, Your Excellency. Even inexperienced youths take record skins here. Only last week a boy of fifteen with an old flintlock tied with string shot a ten-foot tiger in our Kolagarh jungles. Your Excellency, with all the added skill of years and position and your two beautiful rifles, will surely kill one even larger."

They mounted and set off; and presently the line of elephants deployed and entered the heavy grass.

This was nine or ten feet high, sometimes more, and the howdahs moved like boats upon a brown sea, in which the trees were islands. The only sound was of tough old grass, as the elephants pressed through and plucked at the leaves of trees as they passed. The day was gaining heat; sweat prickled on to foreheads; hands left marks on the rifle barrels which they held.

There was a surprising absence of game, for those teeming jungles. No pig jumped up snorting from beneath their feet to gallop off along his undergrass tunnels. No peacock rose with a screech and a following ripple of blue and gold on the dazzling air, to settle and perhaps disturb other game farther ahead. They put up only a few black partridge and a *kaleege* pheasant and, since they were not after jungle fowl, took no notice of them.

The Rajah and the Viceroy journeyed within sight of each other, as they searched for tiger; and presently a tiger was glimpsed in front of the Rajah's elephant, on the other side of a small dried watercourse. A cub.

Although it was plainly the Rajah's shot, he bowed politely to his guest, with a sign offering him the chance.

H.E. shook his head, for the shot was clearly not his. The Rajah was about to urge him silently on, when another tiger unexpectedly showed itself for a moment—alerted perhaps by the partridges—and instantly withdrew.

For one second, right in front of John, the head of a very fine tigress in perfect condition glanced out and then drew back. There was a scar on her right cheek where, two years ago, a brave man had jabbed a flaming branch from his fire into her face, to save his companion from being carried off.

So now, though she drew back at once, the tigress was recognized. John instantly brought his rifle on to her, but she did not offer even a snap shot, and to fire wildly in her direction would have meant they would probably lose her.

His Highness, however, assessing immediately the value of drawing first blood—for, if he only grazed a toe, it would be his tiger if they killed her in the end—swung his rifle across and

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blazed away at random into the grass, thus wiping his distinguished guest's nose.

He may have nicked the tigress, for there was a coughing roar, and next moment the Gulbagh man-eater was galloping—not away, but straight towards them.

Now John fired, too, both barrels, but did not stop her. She charged the nearest elephant without hesitation—it was John's—and seconds later she had climbed up Balmati's shoulder, almost into the howdah, and was clinging to the harness while the elephant flung herself about to cast off her attacker.

The mahout was thrown down, head over heels, into the grass, and with a squeal Balmati bolted for the trees.

She had been on hundreds of tiger hunts. She had carried home black-striped bodies times without number. But this was the first occasion her mahout had left her alone to deal with a roaring tiger who would not be shaken off.

She bolted blindly—blood streaming from her shoulder as the tigress clawed for foothold—and she cannoned into Chandramala, who, with a terrified, indignant squeal at this attack by a stable companion, bolted too.

HIS HIGHNESS at least still had the mahout on his own demoralized mount, and might have tried to regain control and follow the disappearing, riderless Balmati, with tiger and Viceroy on board, to help, but he elected instead to withdraw from the fray. It is, of course, not pleasant to be on a bolting elephant among trees; anything may happen. So H.H. jumped for a passing branch.

At the time when he did this, his *chuprassi* was crouched in the bottom of the howdah with his arms over his head, expecting to be killed by a collision at any minute; and the mahout was, of course, out of sight below, struggling to control his stampeding elephant. Neither saw the Rajah go, and were much astonished later to find their ruler no longer with them.

The Rajah was lifted away off Chandramala. As he went, his clothing caught, ripped and fell to earth; so that next moment His Highness Sir Shri Mahan Singh, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., was hiding himself half-naked in a tree, while elephants, tiger and Viceroy were crashing off into the jungle ahead.

In his howdah, John had been thrown down, but he was up again in a moment. "The other rifle, quick!" he said to his loader, who was supposed to have it ready. But there was no reply, for the poor man had fainted.

The tiger's face reared up over the edge of the howdah, and roaring hot breath blew upon them. The slumped *chuprassi* was still grasping the second rifle which he had been holding loaded ready. John snatched it from him and fired with a deafening explosion into the tiger's throat. In a gust of blood and gunpowder she dropped like a sack of meal and was left behind.

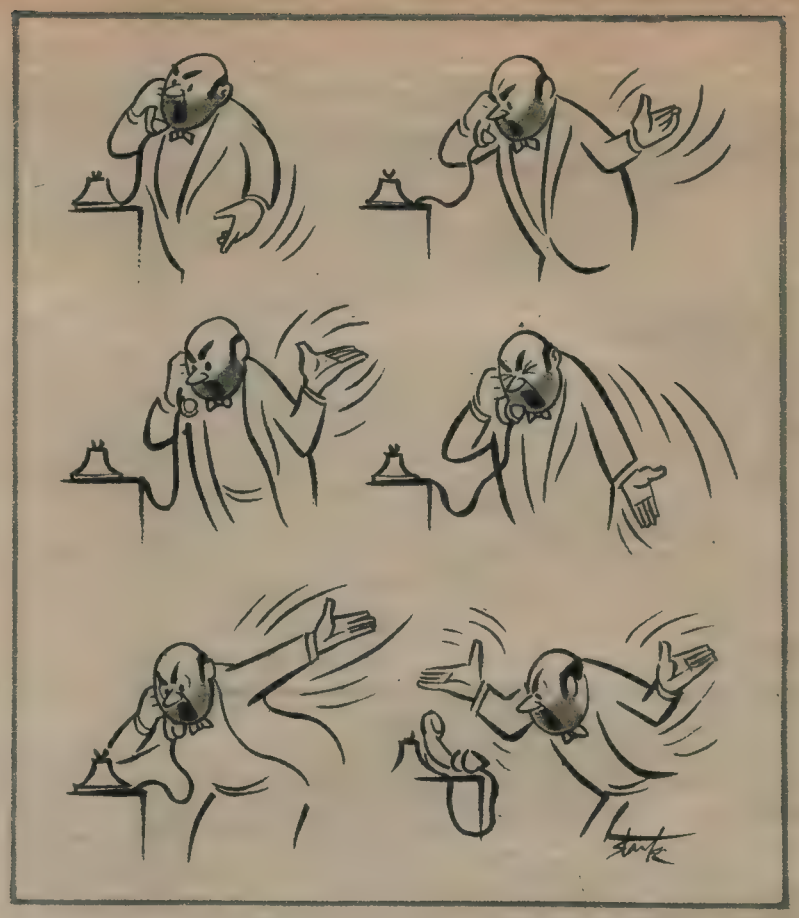
Presently, John was able to calm Balmati and bring her back. On the way, he heard a voice calling to him from a tree; so he retrieved and dressed His Highness, and then he collected the mahout.

Later that day His Excellency the Viceroy accounted for two more tigers: the cub who, as all the men said, was no doubt learning the trade of man-eating, and the tigress's mate. This was a very large tiger, and you will find his measurements in all the game records. He was certainly fit to be the Viceroy's tiger.

But the Rajah, of course, was the hero of the day, the killer of the dreaded Gulbagh tigress. He returned in marigolds on Chandramala, to the acclamation of his people, for his unaided hand-to-hand fight with the man-eater.

Of course, what was said when John brought Balmati up to the tree in which His Highness was hiding with his clothes off—and before the *chuprassi* recovered consciousness—is not known.

All I do know is that the Moolti dam was begun at once and finished the next year. THE END



The stolen boy

Continued from page 24

was supposed to be here but wasn't. Accident ward, his brother thought he'd be in, but he wasn't. I rang all the others, too."

He paused, drumming his fingers on the dark oak. Then he went on: "I remember the name now, because first I got it wrong—thought it was Johnson. Much the same time of night as this, if I remember rightly."

Hyde described Jonnison carefully, and the porter was pretty definite in recognizing the description. And then a horrid thought struck the assistant chief constable; he realized that he had committed one of the most elementary blunders.

"And what day was it?" he asked.

The porter stared at him. "Why, what was the date you said, sir? Fifth, wasn't it?"

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure of it? Why, it's what you said, isn't it?"

The man seemed indignant that the point should be questioned. But questioned it was, and then no amount of

OPPORTUNITY—2

Four things come not back: the spoken word; the sped arrow; time past; the neglected opportunity.

Omar Ibn Al-Halif

telephoning to wards and to other hospitals could confirm the date. If the patient had been there, no doubt it could have been fixed; but as he was not there, how could anyone remember the date of a mere inquiry made nearly a fortnight ago?

Mr. Hyde, once a chief inspector, C.I.D., in the Metropolitan Police, drove away from Newcastle a diminished man. Probably the result would have been the same in any case, but to "offer" a date to a witness was as big a blunder as to show him a single photograph and say: "Is that the man?"

He did not think it necessary to confess this slip to his chief. He told him, the following morning, that there was little doubt that Jonnison had been at Newcastle at the essential time but that there was no certain proof that it had been on the vital day. Further investigation into that would be needed.

Faidlaw heaved a sigh. "I've been thinking it over during the night," he said, "and I decided that, unless you were able to clear all doubt last night, I must call in Scotland Yard. . . ."

When Detective Chief Inspector Vine and Detective Sergeant Halloway—both from New Scotland Yard—arrived at Farborough in the middle of Monday afternoon, the story of Superintendent Jonnison's missing finger was already circulating freely in the city. Faidlaw at once agreed to Vine's discussing the whole problem, without any reservations, with Detective Superintendent Dale.

Dale went through the story carefully and in full detail. By the end of it Vine was in possession of a pretty complete picture.

"There are one or two points that strike me at once," he said. "In the first place, geographical; there is a general north-easterly trend about this story—or at any rate, northerly. I feel pretty sure that the hide-out really was in that north-easterly area, and my first suggestion is that we concentrate on those Dukeries."

Dale nodded. "Glad you feel like that," he said. "I've got a plan laid on, but I'll leave it for the moment. Go ahead."

"The next point is the timing. This boy was taken the very day your chief constable had a conference about the anonymous letters sent to Litmore. He told his superintendents to find out who had written those letters; they went straight out and started inquiries, and at once the trap was sprung. Now, who knew that the heat was being turned on?"

"You mean the funfair proprietors who were questioned: Oldwistle, Hodden, Brackett and so on."

"They did, of course, and they mustn't be written off. But who else?"

Dale shook his head. "Well, no one, I suppose. Except Litmore, perhaps."

"And except the superintendents who were at that conference," said Vine quietly.

Dale stared at him. "You don't mean. . . ." His voice trailed into silence.

"It's just a point. Going back to the Oldwistle crowd, don't forget that three of them were at the dog stadium that evening, within two minutes of where the kidnapping took place, and that not one of them has an alibi for the crucial time—nine to ten p.m."

Dale heaved a sigh of relief. "That switches it back to them," he said. "I didn't like the last bit you said—about the superintendents knowing. I'll get on to those chaps' alibis."

"I should. And don't forget that one of them—Oldwistle—went out of his way to tell Superintendent Jonnison that Hodden had *not* got an alibi. At least, Jonnison says he did."

Dale started. "You are a chap for switching about," he said ruefully. "If we've seriously got to suspect Jim Jonnison, I shall have to rake over all my evidence and see how much came from him—and wonder whether it's straight."

"Yes, I think you should do that, Super," said Vine quietly. "All the alibis, including Jonnison's, must be very thoroughly tested, but I'm inclined to think that we shall get more directly to the truth by another line—your line at the Dukeries. What was that you said about a plan you had laid on there?"

SUPERINTENDENT DALE felt that he had done enough listening and was glad to show his own paces. He said: "I know a chap who's a house agent—Pallaster, of Jones and Pallaster; handles that Dukeries property for the owner. I had an idea that he could help me to see inside those bungalows, so I went to see him in his office this morning.

"You know that in most leases there's a clause about the owner's agents having right of entry for periodical inspections? I suggested to Pallaster that he might let me make one of those periodical inspections."

"Bright idea," said Vine. "Did he agree?"

"Not as easily as all that; professional etiquette and so on—confidence of his clients. What he did eventually agree to was that his junior partner, young Jones, should make the inspection and that I should go with him as his clerk."

"I think we may be able to whittle down the number of houses to be inspected—possibly to one," Vine said.

"You think so? Process of elimination?"

"Process of other suggestive evidence," said Vine.

"Such as?"

"Such as food—more particularly milk. That boy had to be fed on something, even if he was under drugs. My bet is that milk was the staple diet—milk and probably glucose. Perhaps cornflakes soaked in the milk—that sort of pappy food. That might mean an extra two pints a day, and those bungalows, if I understand them right, are not likely to house large families of milk-bibbers. You've got a list of occupants?"

Dale nodded. "I got that from Pallaster this morning. Twenty-three bungalows, there are, and in all except five the tenants are women. My inspector's working on the list now, finding out what the households normally consist of. Sergeant Wittam's helping him—woman."

"Ah—that'll be useful. Now, how would it be to put her on to the dairies and grocers that serve that district? Tell her to think it out herself—what the boy was likely to have been fed on; can't you ask him, by the way?"

The Farborough man shook his head. "He doesn't seem to know much," he said. "I think he did say something about 'buckets of milk,' but I'm afraid I didn't follow up the question of food. He's away somewhere now, recovering; I believe the chief doesn't want him bothered if we can help it."

"Kind-hearted chap, your chief," said Vine, and that was as near as he ever got to criticizing what he secretly thought had been a most regrettable softness in the handling of the case.

On that Monday evening, after a long train journey and a two-hour session with Dale, Vine was perfectly ready to start work on his case. Sergeant Halloway had already booked rooms at an hotel, so Vine got himself a high tea and then set off for Staffley Road, where Jonnison lived.

He walked up to the door and pressed his large thumb on the bell-push. A light appeared in the hall

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and the door was opened by Mrs. Jonnison.

"If Mr. Jonnison is in, I should be glad of a word with him," said the C.I.D. man. "My name is Vine."

Mrs. Jonnison didn't seem very pleased to see the visitor, but something about his solid appearance suggested to her that a quick brush-off would not work.

"My husband is unwell," she said doubtfully.

Vine handed a note to Mrs. Jonnison, who went off to a back room, from which presently came a stocky man of medium height, with dark hair and a short moustache. Rather a fine-looking man, thought Vine, though lines round the mouth suggested permanent temper and present worry.

"Sorry you were left at the door, Chief Inspector," said Jonnison. "My wife's got her supper to prepare, and no doubt you'll excuse her." He led the way into a sitting-room and, drawing the curtains, switched on a standard lamp.

"Late hour for a call, I'm afraid, sir; but you'll know what I'm in Farborough for, and the less delay the better for everybody."

Jonnison looked thoughtfully at the Yard man. "Bit of a farce your calling me 'sir' when you are going to pull me in any minute."

Vine smiled. "Oh come, sir, there's no call to jump to that sort of conclusion. One of the reasons I'm here is because I've got an open mind—empty, if you like."

Jonnison nodded. "Better forget I'm a policeman for the moment, anyway. Treat me as an ordinary witness—or what not."

"Yes, Mr. Jonnison; I'll do that. Now, to come down to brass-tacks You'll appreciate that, apart from th finger business, the point that has . . . made things difficult is your absence from Farborough on the night of the kidnapping. That's the first thing that's got to be cleared up."

Jonnison nodded and, going close to the standard lamp, held his left hand in the light. "Better have a look at it," he said, turning the hand so that Vine could get a full view. "I don't suppose I'm the only man who's lost a finger, but in view of what young Litmore seems to have told the chief, it's certainly evidence. About my not being here—well, it'll take a little time to tell. . . ."

Jonnison passed his hand over his eyes, as if collecting his thoughts. Then he went on to tell the C.I.D. man how on the night of the Litmore kidnapping a phone message had called him to a Newcastle hospital where his brother lay injured after a road smash. The call was a hoax, he said.

Vine had heard all this from Faidlaw, but he had wanted to hear the story again from Jonnison himself.

"Did you eventually get in touch with your brother?" he asked.

"The following evening. He had never been near Newcastle. Someone had played me a dirty trick, I thought."

"A very dirty trick," said Vine quietly. "You never traced the hoaxer?"

"Never tried. Too many other things to bother about."

Vine thought this was a natural reaction in a man of Jonnison's fibre. Still. . . . Aloud he said: "Now, Mr. Jonnison, I want just to touch on one other matter. Superintendent Dale tells me that he believes there's a young woman in this, as well as a man, and he's got reason to think that she may live in what he calls 'the Dukeries.' I'm going to ask you a straight question: have you any acquaintance, particularly a young woman acquaintance, living in that area?"

"Dale told me that was his idea," said Jonnison. "I thought it a silly one, and in any case I have no friends or acquaintances living in Duquesne Road."

Straight enough. Vine got up to go. "We'll get this thing straightened out as quickly as possible," he said, "but it's bound to take some days at the least. If I were you, Mr. Jonnison, I shouldn't coop yourself up indoors all the time; you'll get a liver."

"I'm supposed to be on sick leave," said Jonnison shortly.

Vine left. As soon as the front door closed behind him, Beryl Jonnison came out into the hall and curtly announced that supper was ready. She served the liver and bacon in silence and was evidently waiting for her husband to speak, but he busied himself with his food. Tight-lipped, his wife watched him till she could contain herself no longer.

"Well, who was that man?" she asked.

Jonnison drained his glass of beer before answering. "Chief Inspector Vine, of the Yard," he said. He had told his wife flatly what was afoot, on his return home after seeing the chief constable the previous evening.

Beryl Jonnison's eyes blazed. "A nice thing for us," she declared. "What will they think at the Yacht Club—you being questioned by a Scotland Yard detective?"

"If I'm sent to prison, I shall resign from the Yacht Club," said her husband, "so we needn't really worry about them."

"And what was that about your knowing some girl in the Dukeries?"

Jonnison glanced sharply at his wife. "You were listening?" he said.

"Of course I was listening. Supper was waiting and you two men were doing nothing but talk, talk, talk—and you wouldn't have told me a word if I hadn't dragged it out of you. What about this . . . is it that Dawson girl?"

Jonnison shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't seen Kitty Dawson for a year or more, and to the best of my belief she doesn't live in Duquesne Road any longer."

Beryl Jonnison rose and collected the plates with a clatter. "She'd better not! I don't know what all this is about. I don't like it. . . ."

Sergeant Mary Wittam sat in a small café in the North Harbour area and

Power

by R. S. THOMAS

Power, farmer? It was always
yours.
Not the split atom's terrible threat
To the world's axle, nor the
mind's subtler
Manipulation of our debt

To nature; but an old gift
For weathering the slow recoil
Of empires with a tree's patience,
Rooted in the dark soil.

looked rather disconsolately at her notebook. Superintendent Dale had made her task as easy as possible; through the house-agent, Pallaster, he had obtained a list of the tenants of the bungalows in Duquesne Road and then had sent her, armed with this list, to Mr. Lacely, the manager of the Northern Dairies, probably the biggest suppliers of milk in the area.

It took Lacely very little time to check through the list and identify which were his own customers; it took only a little longer to ascertain that none of these customers had increased their milk orders during the period 5th to 10th April.

But Lacely's helpfulness did not end there; he rang his rivals, Associated Dairies and Wilmot's Creameries, and discovered that the other names on Sergeant Wittam's Duquesne Road list were supplied by one or other of them, each having a branch in that area. And none of them had varied their orders during the days when Ben Litmore was missing.

It was when she had finished her cup of coffee that a thought struck Sergeant Wittam. Surely a woman engaged on such a dangerous game as was this kidnapper's accomplice would not make such an elementary mistake as to get her increased supply of milk—which was probably more than double her usual quantity—from her normal supplier? It seemed much more likely that she would go a little farther afield each day and buy a pint, or whatever it was, for cash.

Sergeant Wittam left the café, walked quietly along to Duquesne Road and slipped into Mrs. Hettle's house to ask the old lady a few further questions.

It was soon evident that most of the ladies in the bungalows on the other side of Duquesne Road were sufficiently well-off to have their food supplies delivered to them. Only two regularly did their own daily shopping—Mrs. Tuke, who was thought to be rather hard-up; and Miss Hanset.

"That's the young woman I told you used to have a motor-cycle," said Mrs. Hettle. "It was about the end of January when she gave that up, and she started doing her own shopping about the same time. I thought perhaps she had had losses."

That might be the explanation. Or, thought Sergeant Wittam, if you are planning a crime and want to build up a particular background—no longer a motor-cycle, the daily shopping round —you would probably start two or three months ahead, to disarm suspicion. But if Miss Hanset were the woman in the case, she had to have a motor-cycle now; where was it?

"What's she like to look at, Mrs. Hettle?"

The old lady glanced at the clock. "If you wait ten minutes or so, you'll likely see her for yourself. She went out about half an hour before you came; she's generally gone a little under the hour."

That might be a vitally important clue, but Sergeant Wittam did not comment on it. She asked about Miss Hanset's friends, but it appeared that she had only occasional visitors and never, to Mrs. Hettle's knowledge, men. *That back lane,* thought Mary Wittam.

"There, that's her; just turned in at the end of the road," said the old lady excitedly.

Of medium height, with fair hair and a pair of fine, rather sullen eyes, June Hanset was undoubtedly an attractive woman. Sergeant Wittam stared at her with intense concentration, photographing every detail of her appearance—height, shape, walk, as well as face and hair—in her own mind. She watched until the well-balanced figure had turned in at a gate about a hundred yards down the road.

Taking her leave of Mrs. Hettle, Sergeant Wittam set off to find the dairy from which the good-looking young lady had for five days, possibly six, bought her extra pint or two pints of milk. Generally gone just under the hour, that meant rather less than half an hour each way, especially if groceries, vegetables, and so on were to be bought as well as milk.

She remembered that Hanset was the name of one of the customers from Duquesne Road who had got their milk from Wilmot's Creameries — their branch in Castle Street, a busy shopping centre about twenty minutes' walk from Duquesne Road. Any other shopping Miss Hanset did would have to be at no great distance from that point, whether she went by bus or on foot.

Making her way to Castle Street, Sergeant Wittam started a hunt round that area, and found a small, rather high-class grocer with a dairy counter. She went in, made her own purchase, and then asked if she could speak to the manager.

She was led to an inner office. As soon as the door had closed on the assistant, she produced her warrant-card. The manageress looked at it and raised her eyebrows.

"This is a highly confidential matter, madam," said Sergeant Wittam. "I am trying to trace some purchases of milk, probably not more than a pint or two each day, made by a young lady between the fifth and the tenth of April. Have you a customer by the name of Hanset?"

The manageress shook her head. "Not on our books," she said. "I cannot, of course, answer for the names

of casual customers as this lady appears to have been."

Sergeant Wittam described the young woman she had seen in Duquesne Road—a remarkably clear and vivid description.

The manageress thought for a moment. "I am not at all sure I did not notice someone of that description—about a fortnight ago," she said. "My dairy assistant would certainly know. If you agree, we will have her in; she is entirely reliable."

The assistant at once recognized Sergeant Wittam's description. She said: "Oh yes, I remember the lady very well; very nice-looking and pleasant. I don't remember the exact days, but it would be early this month. She had two pints a day for four or five days and then didn't come again. I was quite sorry."

"She did not give a name?"

"Oh no; she just paid cash."

"Would you recognize her if you saw her again?"

"Oh yes; I'm sure I should."

Well, it was all based on guess-work. There might be a perfectly simple and innocent explanation of Miss Hanset's five-day purchase of milk from another dairy; but it was odd, all the same. Warmly confident, Sergeant Wittam made her way back to Headquarters and asked if Superintendent Dale would see her.

Not only would Superintendent Dale see her, but Chief Inspector Vine would, too.

"Looks mighty like you've picked up the right scent, Sergeant," said Dale. "Now, how are we going to clinch it? Any views, Mr. Vine?"

"Probably time for the little plan you spoke about yesterday, sir. But if I may put in a word of caution, I think it's most important that this young lady should not realize yet that she's under suspicion. You can concentrate your estate agent's inspection on one bungalow. But I take it that you won't go straight to Miss Hanset."

Dale nodded. He looked at the list of tenants supplied by Pallaster. "It's going to work very neatly," he said. "The agents inspected half a dozen bungalows last year; I intended to start where they left off; that means I shall come to Miss Hanset's after doing only three others. That will make our inspection look genuine and yet waste very little time."

"What are you going to look for in particular?"

Dale said: "In the first place, a patch of damp on the ceiling. . . ."

CHIEF INSPECTOR VINE was convinced that the sort of inquiry that was going on in connection with the Dukeries was much better carried out by the local C.I.D. There was, however, one job that could be better done by his own Sergeant Halloway than anyone else; a watch should be kept on Superintendent Jonnison's home.

In the meantime he himself proposed to attend to the funfair suspects. Of the three names mentioned to him — Oldwistle, Brackett, Hodden — he thought the first much the most probable.

For the moment Vine did not want to question Oldwistle himself; he wanted to check his freely volunteered alibi. He had dined at the stadium—the Long Dogs Club—with his wife and two friends, Henry and Penelope Lammer-Jones. A more independent and trustworthy witness than Henry Lammer-Jones would surely be the Mr. Shefton, son-in-law of old Litmore.

Vine borrowed a car and set out for Shefton's home at Hickloft, three miles west of the city. The door was opened to him by Helen Shefton. Having heard that her husband was not likely to be back for half an hour, Vine said that he would return.

"Oh, but you must come in," said

Peter Haigh, Freddie Trueman . . . and 'Philishave' Rotary Action

"How's that for a close shave—in comfort?"

"Very impressive, Freddie, very impressive indeed! I'd no idea any dry shaver shaved as close as that."

"Neither had I till Jack Train told me about 'Philishave' Rotary Action."

"I've heard about this Rotary Action. What is it, exactly?"

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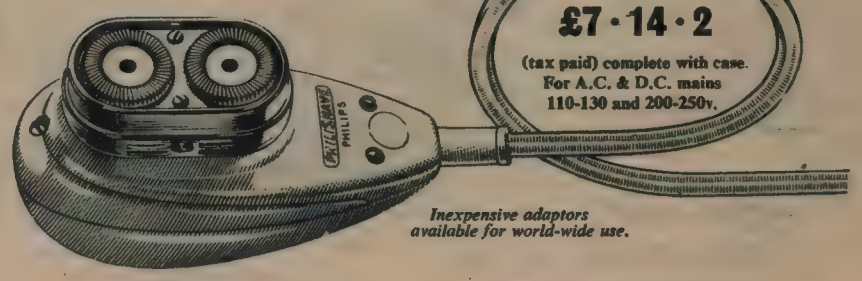
"Just the way the bristles grow, in fact?"

"Yes—that's what makes Rotary Action shaving so comfortable. And it's so close because, first, the shaving head gently stretches the skin."

"Well, you're on a wonderful wicket there, Freddie. Think I'd better join you right away!"



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Helen. "Have you had tea? I have just started mine; won't you join me?"

"I ought to tell you, ma'am; I'm afraid I'm another of these policemen."

Helen tried to smile. "Do come in," she said. "I don't think I know you by sight."

Vine shook his head. "London policeman, not Farborough," he said, holding out his warrant-card.

Helen looked at it vaguely. "Oh. But do come in, Inspec—Chief Inspector."

Over their tea the frost thawed. "I am afraid this has been a terribly trying time for all your family, Mrs. Shefton," said Vine.

Helen nodded. "It has been—dreadful. And that it should have been done by a . . . oh. . . ."

"No need to be tactful with me, ma'am. As I said, I'm a London policeman. Do you happen to know Superintendent Jonnison?"

"Oh yes, quite well. You see, he and my husband both go in for sailing, and we met that way. And, of course, we had noticed that he had lost a finger, but we never thought anything about that because Ben didn't say anything, not till a day or two ago. About the kidnapper having lost one, I mean."

Vine nodded non-committally. "But tell me, why should Mr. Jonnison do a thing like this? Is he an extravagant type? Live a lot above his income?"

Helen Shefton hesitated. "It's his wife who's like that," she said. "She is very ambitious, in a social way. I'm afraid it rather turned her head, her husband being elected to the Yacht Club."

Well, thought Vine, that might provide some sort of motive—the urgent need for more money. But was Mrs. Jonnison the woman in the case?

"Don't bother to call her—I've changed my mind"

PRESENTLY the sound of a car was heard in the drive. A few minutes later the door opened and Shefton came in. He seemed surprised to find a visitor and, when his wife introduced the Scotland Yard man, not particularly pleased.

"You want a word with me, Chief Inspector?" he said. "Come along to my study."

The study was a pleasant room, even on a rather chilly April day with no fire. There were signs of Norris Shefton's varied interests and activities all round the walls—cricket and football groups, photographs of yachts, a stuffed trout in a glass case—"Loch Caraness, 10 lb., 5 June, 1939." A pair of skis stood in one corner and from a hook on the wall hung an outsize leather binocular case.

Vine looked admiringly round the room. "Fond of sport, sir, I gather," he said with a smile.

"Depends what you call sport. All rather passive now—watching other people, or horses, or dogs. I never did shoot things—fishing now, that's different."

They sat down in two dilapidated leather armchairs. "It's about watching dogs that I came to see you, sir," said Vine. "Greyhounds."

"Oh yes?"

Norris Shefton was watching the smoke of his own cigarette curl up into the gathering darkness. He switched on a reading lamp that stood beside his chair; the light fell on his legs and hands, his face receding into the background.

Vine went on: "I have to make some inquiries about the movements of a Mr. Oldwistle on the night your nephew was kidnapped. He has stated that he was at the greyhound stadium all that evening, from about seven forty-five p.m. until after ten. He says that you would be able to vouch for that."

Norris Shefton leaned forward to pick up a match-box that had slipped to the floor; the light shone momentarily on his handsome though rather fleshy face, and Vine could see that there was a twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

"Sam in trouble again?" he asked. "You're not suspecting him of lifting young Ben, surely? Sam's a good chap, if a bit naughty at times."

That was an interesting slant, and Vine was tempted to pursue it, but thought that first he would check up on the facts.

"You saw him there that night, sir?"

"Oh yes, certainly. We both dined at the Club there that night, but he was with friends and I was at a table by myself. I had a drink with him before going out to the track."

"The time, do you remember, sir?"

"Oh, getting on for nine o'clock when I left them. I had a bet on that race, if I remember rightly. As a matter of fact I saw him again when I was going back into the Club just before the last race—the ten o'clock."

"And you're sure of the day, sir—Tuesday the fifth?"

Shefton looked thoughtfully at the detective. "I'm hardly likely to forget that night," he said quietly. "None of our family are."

"Thank you, sir; that's a great help. And those are the only times you saw Mr. Oldwistle that night—nine p.m. and ten p.m.?"

Norris hesitated, frowning in thought. "I did see him in between those times, more than once. Sam's not a figure you can easily miss. I can't remember when, but during the racing from time to time, probably putting money on."

Well, that seemed to clear Oldwistle. Vine judged that he had now got all that Shefton could usefully tell him, so he took his leave. . . .

It was ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 20, when Mr. Jones, of Jones and Pallaster, the estate agents, set out from the firm's North Harbour office, accompanied by an athletic-looking clerk who, but for a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, might have been mistaken for Detective Superintendent Dale.

Not much more than ten minutes was spent in each of the first three bungalows visited, and then the couple arrived at Peacehaven. The front door was presently opened by a handsome young woman whom Dale had no difficulty in recognizing, from Sergeant Wittam's description, as June Hanset.

Jones took off his hat, handed over his card and explained the object of his visit—an inspection in accordance with the terms of the lease. For a moment there seemed to be some risk of a refusal; then, with a shrug, June Hanset led them into the hall, and through to the tiny dining-room, from which a hatch opened into the tinier kitchen. Jones glanced round, and then they moved to the sitting-room, a fine room with a large window looking on to the garden.

Jones looked at the ceiling, peered up the chimney, opened and shut a lattice window. His clerk stood meekly in the middle of the room, notebook in hand, quietly absorbing the atmosphere and character of June Hanset's living-room.

If his suspicions were correct, here lived a criminal, the callous accomplice of a kidnapper. What was there to indicate that she might indeed be such a person? There were pleasant chintz covers to a sofa and chair, daffodils and almond blossom in the vases, quiet engravings on the paper-covered walls, on one table a large photograph in a showy silver frame.

As Jones and Miss Hanset looked out into the garden, Dale edged a little closer to the table. Yes, it was June Hanset all right, but what a difference! June Hanset, not in dark skirt and chiffon blouse, but in a Bikini of the

OPPORTUNITY—3

We must beat the iron while it is hot; but we may polish it at leisure.

John Dryden

early fifties. In green enamel on the silver were scrawled the words: *Beauty of Gullivant's, 1951.*

Intensely interested, Dale bent down to examine the photograph. He felt a movement of air and saw a well-shaped hand and arm reach out, take the photograph and turn it down on its face.

"There is no need for you to examine my photograph," said Miss Hanset coldly.

Dale blushed, stammered an apology, but the girl turned her back on him. "Surely you have seen all you want to," she said to Jones. "You don't want to look at the bedrooms, I suppose."

But Jones had been well coached. He said smoothly: "I have a note here that we did a small roof repair last year. I should like to be sure that all the ceilings are in order."

A quick frown crossed the girl's face; she hesitated, then threw open a door and said: "This is my room." It was furnished with a thick pile carpet, damask curtains, a large bed with a silk eiderdown, a skirted dressing-table. After a quick glance round, Jones nodded; it would not have been in the girl's own bedroom that Ben had been kept.

Again a door was opened, showing a quite small room, with simple bedroom furniture, a spotless ceiling.

"Thank you, Miss Hanset," said Jones. "Then that leaves only the third bedroom."

The woman hesitated. "It's only a dump—storeroom, if you like."

There was only one door so far unopened. Dale opened it, before she could refuse.

The room was indeed a dump. Quite small, it was cluttered up with oddments of furniture, cardboard boxes, books, a trunk and some suitcases, brown paper parcels . . . and on the ceiling was a discoloured patch.

"Dear, dear; not still coming through?" exclaimed the house agent.

"No, there's no leak now. As I don't use the room, I didn't bother to have the ceiling distempered."

A patch on the ceiling. That was almost the only thing that Ben Litmore could remember about the room in which he had been kept a prisoner, bound and under the influence of drugs.

"Surely you've seen enough?"

Miss Hanset was getting impatient. Jones began to move out into the passage, but his clerk remained, gazing at the patch, his grey eyes now blazing with excitement.

In shape, the patch was an elongated round like a potato, but the rain had run down from it in five little short streams, like five legs, in two pairs, with an extra one at one end. A tail? No! A trunk! An elephant! Ben's elephant that he had kept on talking about but could not explain.

"I think there may be a little damp still coming through, sir," he said. "Those streaks." He wanted to impress the shape of that patch upon Jones's memory, without giving away the reason for his interest. He put a chair under the patch, mounted on it and prodded the ceiling, while Jones and his tenant watched him.

"No, sir; I was mistaken. Quite dry now."

Dale descended from the chair and followed meekly out into passage and hall, out of the house. Jones thanked the tenant of Peacehaven for her courtesy, and led the way out at the gate and in to Dogger Bank next door.

Dale was itching to pin down his companion's memory of that patch, but he had to maintain his subsidiary rôle while they entered the next bungalow. Fortunately, the tenant of Dogger Bank was an easy-going lady who told them to look where they liked and herself returned to her kitchen.

As soon as they were in the dining-room, with the door shut, the detective seized Jones by the arm and said: "You saw that patch on the ceiling?"

"Saw it? How could I help seeing it, with you making such a to-do about it? Just an old place where damp has come through some slipped tiles."

"Did it remind you of anything?"

There was an eagerness in Dale's voice that made his companion stare. "Do you mean . . . about getting the roof repaired?"

"The shape, man," said Dale impatiently. "It's vitally important. Did it, for instance, suggest some animal to you?"

"Oh, I see what you're getting at. You mean those dribbles. Can't say I thought about it, but they might have looked like legs. There were five, though, weren't there?"

"Could you draw it?"

Jones nodded. Opening his notebook, he drew what his memory told him had been the approximate shape of the patch on Miss Hanset's spare-room ceiling.

Superintendent Dale heaved a sigh of relief. "Sign it," he said. "Make a note of what it is and where and when. I'll witness it. Good! Now tear it out and I'll keep it."

To be concluded next week

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OUT THURSDAY, FEB. 14

Day of terror

Continued from page 18

lost savings, disgraced because his daughter would not be married as he had arranged, was going *Hurametahdo* with them, saving the honour of his family.

They left the house quietly, climbing through the dusk into the deeper dusk of the hills, to prepare themselves for their fates.

They went through rites that were well known to them, though practised in secrecy, as *Hurametahdo* was against the law. They removed all the hair from their bodies, even to plucking out each other's eyelashes. Ancient religious rituals were read and chanted. They pronounced themselves dead. A green bull hide was obtained during the night. Then, in the prescribed fashion, they bound strips of it round their bodies.

There was nothing to do now but wait for the hour—perhaps two days hence—when the shrinking bull hide would crush their flesh, bringing on a pain so great that no other physical sensation could be felt, that no blow or bullet could shatter their nerves or knock them off their feet as they went about their business: killing Christians. This was *Hurametahdo*.

This was what the village awaited now; awaited behind closed shutters and barred doors.

Not that the village had much to fear; it was known where the *Hurametahdos* would go—to the beach, where the constabulary, the fifteen Christian Tagalogs, had built themselves a breastwork of sandbags, behind which they waited, their rifles drawn, their nerves taut. They, the Christians, would alone be the objects of destruction.

But still the village stayed indoors. Whether the object of destruction or not, Christian or Mohammedan, friend or foe, no man dared get in the way of the *Hurametahdos*.

Odd, thought Mr. Bixby. Certainly I am a Christian, and yet I feel no fear of them.

If you don't, he said to himself severely, why sit here behind locked doors and shuttered windows, hiding?

He unbarred the door, opened it, and stood there for a minute in the still, violent sunshine, admiring the delicate colouring of the orchids in the boxes he had placed so carefully over the windows.

What he saw then was so quick, so still, that it had no reality. From up the road there was only one sound—the scream of the man who was running in front of the other three. He screamed only once, as quick as death, and then a knife blade flashed in the sun, cutting off his head. The body seemed to run on, and then it fell.

"*Hurametahdo!*" screamed Mr. Bixby. "*Hurametahdo!*" He knew that no sound came. His mouth opened but his throat was closed by fear. It didn't matter; the scream of the victim had been enough. The village knew.

All but one small child, a little boy who had spent two days now playing in the house, though the weather was fine. The little boy was tired of the house, and tired of being kept in, so he'd opened the door when no one was looking and had slipped out into the street.

The little boy saw the three men just as Mr. Bixby saw the little boy. Before he had time to be frightened for the child, he knew relief, for it was Tallum's little brother, Malluk's own son. Thank God, Mr. Bixby thought, that it's he, for they won't harm him.

But then, seeing the faces of the men as they came closer, he knew that they would. Their eyes were glazed with blood and pain; they knew nothing except killing.

The little boy said: "Father!" and then stood staring, frightened. Mr. Bixby shouted something senseless and rushed for the child. They all met, almost in front of Mr. Bixby's door. A *bolo* swung. It wasn't possible, but the boy ducked under it. He ducked and tripped, and, as he fell, the missionary's arm caught him and they stumbled aside. Then the *bolo* was swinging again, a long, easy-looking slash, enough to cut a man in two if it caught him.

Only the sharp point took Mr. Bixby's arm and sliced down the length of it, laying it open. The blood came slowly, as though the body hardly realized there was a cut there, so neat was it; so quick that Mr. Bixby himself hardly knew it had happened.

He knew only that the men were still running, running away from him down the street towards the beach, towards the destination fixed in their pain-crazed minds. He started running after them. He felt nothing except his rage, his blinding anger. They would kill a little boy! A man would kill his own son! *I'll kill them*, Mr. Bixby raged. *I'll kill them before they can find another child to hack at.*

They had a start, but he had a gun, only it was stuck in his pocket and he couldn't get it out. There was nothing he could do but run, tugging at it, run and try to keep up with them. Glancing down at his pocket to see why the gun would not come loose, he was surprised to see that his torn white sleeve was stained red—a rag of it waving out behind him, a blood-red banner.

The *Hurametahdos* missed the police fort in their blindness, and had to double back. Mr. Bixby, stopping for a moment, was able to jerk the gun free. He heard shots, and realized they weren't the first he'd heard. The police, their nerves stretched to breaking point, had been firing blindly, before they saw the men.

Standing still, he held the revolver out in front of him and fired. He saw the *Hurametahdos*, not coming towards him but charging the fort. He did not hear the shots he fired, though he felt the jerk of the gun and smelled the acrid powder fumes.

He saw the shots; he saw bullets land. He saw them reach the soft bodies of the running men and, unbelievably, the men ran on unchecked. He saw one of them hit in the leg and drop to the ground, and crawl forward and into the fort. He saw the *bolos* rise and fall, and saw the screaming mouths. He kept on firing until his gun was empty, and then he could see nothing, could feel nothing except the pain in his arm, and he put his head down in the sand and knew no more. . . .

Someone was hurting his arm; he could not think why anyone would hurt him so. He opened his eyes and saw Lue bending over him.

He closed his eyes again and felt how, in his weakness, the tears stung at his eyelids. He said: "Oh, God! What have I done?"

"They are dead," Lue said, and his voice was very far away.

"The police?"

"Only three of them," Lue said.

"Aba-Tue? Malluk? Doma? All dead?"

"Naturally, they are dead. And three police. And the man they met in the road, he who owned the other fighting cock, he is dead. But that is all."

"All!" Mr. Bixby opened his eyes again. He looked at Lue, more closely now that his head was clearing. He saw his face, the calmness on it; and not only calmness, but satisfaction. This was right; this had worked out well. Three men had been disgraced, and had taken the right way out of their disgrace. Not many others had died, and that was a good thing—but enough had died, exactly enough, to ensure the *Hurametahdos* entrance into heaven. Lue was satisfied; the village was satisfied.

And I, Mr. Bixby thought, I was a part of it. How can I blame them for being satisfied with this killing, when I—God help me—I killed too?

Lue said, and his voice was gentle: "The talk is that it was you who stopped them; who allowed them only the men they needed, and no more."

"I?" said Mr. Bixby. "But I wouldn't have allowed them to kill at all."

"There were fourteen bullets," Lue said proudly, "in Aba-Tue alone."

Mr. Bixby said, with a dry throat: "Where—where were the wounds? Where did the bullets enter?"

"From the front, to be sure." No Moro, the tone said, no Moro, mad or sane, would ever be shot in the back.

Then I didn't shoot them, Mr. Bixby thought, for I was at the side. Thank God, my bullets weren't the ones that killed. He knew it was a small thing—he had fired to kill—but it was some comfort.

He closed his eyes and lay there quietly, and as he lay he grew more peaceful. Perhaps that will help, he thought, perhaps that was what I lacked. Perhaps that is the foundation of all teaching—for the teacher to know, as I know now, that he is no better than the taught.

Again he was aware that Lue was looking at him, and in Lue's face he saw things he had never seen there before. Respect and admiration.

I hoped to gain his respect by being good, he thought, and I gained it instead by violence. "Who takes up his sword in the service of the Lord"—what is the rest of that?—"the armies of the living God"? I can't remember. How tired I am. "The Son of God goes forth to war——"

"Jara wishes to see you," Lue said.

Mr. Bixby looked up. He saw the men of the village, gathered around at a respectful distance, staring down at him. He saw their faces. Their expressions echoed the respect he had seen in Lue.

Jara, the eldest son of Malluk—now the spokesman for the village, knelt beside him with his head bent.

"My sister," Jara said haltingly, "my sister—I wish—I wish her to come to your school; to be taught."

Mr. Bixby sat up and stared at Jara and felt the excitement and the triumph drumming in his dizzy head. So he had won, after all. He had won Jara over to his side.

Jara looked down at him; for an instant their eyes met. "Now that she cannot marry," Jara said, "she might as well be taught."

Mr. Bixby wanted to lie down again. He had not won. Jara was not on his side. This was not victory—only an offering of respect and thanks, because he had saved Jara's small brother. The maiden, worthless now, might as well be taught.

No matter, he thought. It's not victory, but it's something. Never mind why she comes, just so she comes. I will teach her. That's the main thing.

He looked at Jara again, to thank him, and saw that Jara was about to speak again.

"It would not be right," Jara said, "for my sister to come alone. So I will come with her and stay while she is taught."

Mr. Bixby caught his breath. Comprehension came slowly. It was victory, after all.

He said: "That will be good of you, to give up your time for your sister."

He lay back in the sand, tired now, feeling again the pain in his arm. He saw the red stain on his sleeve and on the crude bandage they had wrapped about his arm.

He remembered suddenly the words of the hymn that had been haunting the back of his memory.

I always hated that hymn, he thought. But now that I think of it, I believe they'd like it. "The Son of God goes forth to war, a Kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar. . . ." THE END

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 4

by Commander Douglas Duff

Treasure from a thousand fathoms deep

For a century and more, British firms have been printers of banknotes used in the Commonwealth and in many foreign countries. These firms have long experience in safeguarding their precious pieces of printed paper. They have worked out security and checking procedures which are almost unbreakable.

In 1941, a new issue of banknotes for Jamaica, thousands of pounds worth of notes of all values in their sealed and strengthened cases, was loaded into the strongroom of the big steamship Politician. Even though it was during some of the darkest days of the war, the steamship line's shore officials, the Politician's captain and chief officer, as well as the printing firm's experts, went through the normal, well-tried procedure. There is no doubt that the banknotes for Jamaica were placed aboard.

Politician sailed out into the menace of the grey, U-boat-haunted North Atlantic—and met disaster. She foundered off the Outer Hebrides and her survivors escaped only with great difficulty. It would have been impossible for any cool-nerved man aboard to have broached the sealed cases in the strongroom as she sank and then to have taken a great bundle of notes without his shipmates knowing. The notes could not have passed undetected in the storm-driven lifeboats.

It is unthinkable that the captain, or any of his officers, would have demeaned themselves to become accomplices of thieves. Even if they were tempted, they were intelligent enough to know that such a secret could not be kept by a large number of sailors when they started a celebration ashore.

Eleven years later the Crown Agents for the Colonies, responsible for most of the materials used by the Colonial administrations, became alarmed. The Jamaican Government reported that banknotes were appearing in the island which bore the serial numbers and were of the distinctive design of those which had gone down in the Politician.

The notes were not clever forgeries. They were the notes which ought to have been pulp in the rusting hulk of the fine ship lying on the bed of the Western Ocean, a thousand fathoms deep. They bore the serial numbers of some of the notes which were so carefully checked into Politician's strongroom. That they should have appeared in Jamaica seemed impossible. Yet there they were. And no solution to the mystery has ever been found.

Keep your temper, Walter

Continued from page 11

mere matter of inches from the cup. George, valiant to the last, succeeded in laying a steady approach putt dead.

"And now to stuff it in," said Walter.

There are several putting methods in vogue among the lower classes of golf. There are the Sitting Hen, the Paralytic and the Lumbago Crouch, to name but three.

Walter favoured the Sitting Hen. And he had just lowered himself into position and was drawing back his club, when Mrs. Botts, who had returned from ministering to her stricken husband and was standing near me with Angela at her side, uttered a piercing shriek.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, as the ball, struck with convulsive violence, flew across the green and disappeared out of sight into the bunker beyond it.

"I didn't want to disturb you," she continued, "but there was a dear little wee beetle just in front of your ball, and I was so afraid you would give it a nasty bang."

Walter straightened himself. He was inhaling deeply. His face was crimson and his eyes rolling.

"Sox, Walter!" I cried hastily, but he brushed me aside and began to speak.

WALTER'S voice was clear and audible, and I heard Angela give a sharp gasp. And unquestionably what he was saying was enough to make any girl gasp sharply.

It was a sort of general critique of of Mrs. Botts's manners, morals, intelligence and appearance; and, saddened though I was that this disaster should have happened, I could not but admire his choice of words. Each one was like the atom bomb which he had wistfully hoped that one day the authorities would drop on this woman, and long before he had reached his peroration she was racing for the clubhouse with ashen face.

For some moments after she had gone, he continued to soliloquize. Then suddenly it was as if he had wakened from a trance. His face fell, his shoulders sagged, and he threw up his arms.

He had seen Angela.

"So now you know the sort of man I am," he said dully. "A fiend in human shape."

"I like fiends in human shape," said Angela.

Walter stared incredulously. "You mean you . . . you don't recoil from me in horror?"

"Not by a jugful," said the girl, and even from where I stood I could discern the lovelight in her eyes. "It was about time some outspoken he-man came along and told Aunt Lavender where she got off.

"What I have suffered all these months from her and her pixies! My only regret is that Uncle Philibert was not present, so that you could have informed him what you think of his dialect stories."

Angela drew breath. "Oh, Walter," she continued, "do you know that I was seriously considering breaking the engagement because you seemed such a stuffed shirt? The way you kept telling Aunt Lavender how much you admired her books, and laughing heartily at those mossgrown chestnuts of Uncle Philibert's, and patting little Horace on the head. How could I know that you were merely wearing the mask?"

"Then . . ." Walter choked. "Then you wouldn't object if I folded you in my arms and covered your upturned face with burning kisses?"

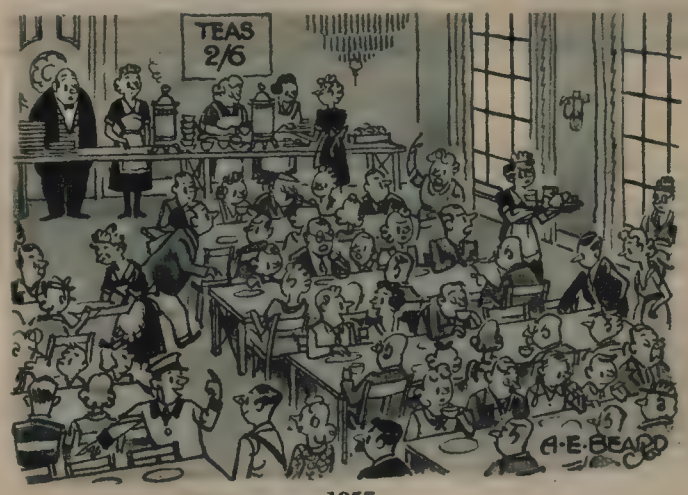
"I'd enjoy it above all things."

Walter clasped her to his bosom, using the interlocking grip, and for a few minutes they carried on along those lines.

Then, gently disengaging herself, she took his arm and led him away. As they went, I could hear her begging him to tell her what he thought of her cousin Horace. THE END

1947

"I can remember the good old days, Perkins, when we had as many as forty guests at the weekends"



1957

"I can remember the good old days, Perkins, when we had as few as forty guests at the weekends"

Should the Church accept divorce?

Continued from page 21

were revolutionary in a pagan world. Eventually a new conception of the real meaning of marriage was brought into the civilized world. The Church ever since has jealously guarded the principle that lifelong marriage is ordained by God.

In the marriage service of the Book of Common Prayer (1662) the Church requires lifelong union to be the *intention* of every man and woman whose marriage is solemnized in church. The vows taken by bride and bridegroom make that perfectly clear: "To love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance: and thereto I plight thee my troth."

The same intention is assumed by the State, even though it has made legal provision for divorce.

Discussion, argument and debate about divorce, about dissolubility, and about the right to re-marry are seen all down the long history of the Church of England. The Church's law concerning divorce has been far more rigorous than that of the State. Up to the time of the Reformation, divorce was not recognized by Western Christendom, of which the Church of England formed a part.

The canons (or ecclesiastical laws) of the Church of England made in 1603 allowed no divorce, though "judicial separation" was recognized. The canons regarding divorce have not changed since 1603. The present law of the Church remains the same, and forbids any marriage after divorce.

But the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 brought the Church face to face with a new aspect of the problem. The Act empowered the civil courts to grant divorces with the right to re-marry: but a clergyman could refuse to marry a divorced person, though he had to allow another clergyman into his church to do so.

In 1937 came another Matrimonial Causes Act, which declared that no clergyman was compelled to permit the marriage of a divorced person in his church.

The Church in the 1930s was changing its emphasis on the problem of divorce and re-marriage. The increasing number of divorces threatened the whole conception of Christian marriage, and the moral grounds for divorce were unsatisfactory and causing alarm. Adulteries were being "arranged" and the "innocent" party in civil law might well be anything but the "innocent" party morally.

In 1938, the convocations of the Church of England stated the Church's position in formal resolutions. The first resolution affirmed that marriage, according to God's will, is essentially a union of one man with one woman exclusive of all others and indissoluble save by death.

OPPORTUNITY—4

No great man ever complains of want of opportunity.

R. W. Emerson

A second resolution declared that divorce therefore "always involves a departure from the true principle of marriage as declared by Our Lord."

A third resolution directed that "to maintain the principle of lifelong obligation which is inherent in every legally contracted marriage and is expressed in the plainest terms in the marriage service, the Church should not allow the use of that service in the case of anyone who has a former partner still living."

These resolutions are still in force and have caused much criticism and opposition.

What can be done towards a Christian solution of this enormous problem of divorce and re-marriage which faces the Church today?

We have already seen the difficulty of deciding who is the "innocent" and who is the "guilty" party. Might it not be the right thing for the Church to allow re-marriage to repentant parties, and only to them—that is to those who are truly sorry for their failure and turn to God for help? The parish clergyman to whom they go is far more likely to judge their sincerity rightly than is anyone else.

How do we treat those who have remarried after divorce while the former partner is still living? Granted that they have not been married in church, in order to uphold the Church's witness can they be blessed in church? Can they come to communion?

Nobody would say that the Church ought not to have a pastoral care for such people. Some would say that these people by re-marrying are living in adultery, in open sin, and therefore cannot possibly have such union blessed in any way by God. Nor, it would be argued, can they come to communion until they have repented, which means also amendment, and therefore separation.

Such an attitude is regarded by most people as unrealistic: to insist on separation, especially if there were a family of the second marriage, would be to create a further evil with dire social consequences. In saying this, one must avoid going to the opposite extreme and giving the impression that re-marriage is of no great consequence. Only after a full and careful consideration should such a step be taken.

But if two people decide that it is right and proper for them to marry, what happens if they ask God's blessing on their union and whether they are doing right in continuing to come to communion, if that was their practice?

On this point the majority of clergymen take the view that admission to holy communion should be regulated by the bishop of the diocese. The bishop would consult with the clergyman of the parish, and possibly with the persons concerned, and decide if and when they could be admitted to communion.

The minority is split roughly into three groups. Firstly, those who say the very idea of a second marriage is sinful, that there can be no marriage in church, and no blessing and no receiving of holy communion after their so-called civil marriage. Secondly, those who say: "We have a legal right to marry in church even those who have a former partner still living, and unless an impediment is alleged we intend to do so; and we will ask no questions about admission to communion."

The third minority group, of which I am a member, is larger: I hope it is a growing one.

We regard the convocation rule forbidding a marriage service in church to "anyone who has a former partner still living" as a sad necessity in an age when the standard of Christian marriage has been so widely disregarded: but we realize that this rule imposes a severe strain on the consciences of many clergymen. We would not wish, nor would we see any necessity, to add to this strain by rules of excommunication.

We take the view that reception of holy communion is a means of grace, and therefore of enlightenment, and, holding as we do that a second marriage is not in itself adulterous, feel that the responsibility of partaking unworthily rests on those who desire to come to communion, and that those who present themselves do so for commendable reasons.

The decision to repel from communion ordinarily rests with the vicar or rector of the church, though he may wish to seek the advice of his bishop. We think that this view is consonant with the general tone of the rubrics at the beginning of the service of holy communion and the exhortations within that service in the Book of Common Prayer.

What needs to be kept in mind are the grave social and moral problems caused by divorce; and the Church should work with all possible agencies to prevent the breakdown of marriage.

But when the tragedy has occurred and the break, in human terms, is beyond repair, the Church should give every possible help by providing the assurance of God's grace to those who try to build a second married home. THE END

Farmer Lucas guards Holiday Island

Continued from page 19

in the land without stumbling. His quarry was lying on the ground with a broken ankle.

Another time a man he wished to interview hurled a milk bottle at him. Lucas ducked quickly, and the missile smashed through a house window. Often he is summoned to eject trouble-makers from dances, or restrain angry husbands from beating their wives.

Although he is empowered to carry a truncheon, he has never used it. "I spend more time trying to persuade people to use a little common sense," he says, "than I do in taking more drastic action. A warning in time can save anything from nine days' to nine months' imprisonment. So often when a man has been to prison he holds a grievance against society."

Others seem to welcome the chance of going to prison. At 2 a.m. one morning a man phoned from nearby St. Aubin's harbour to say: "I've let some boats loose. Please come and arrest me—I'm in the call-box." Lucas found the obliging lawbreaker patiently awaiting his arrival. The man had just been released from an English prison, had arrived in Jersey with nowhere to stay, no money in his pocket, and wanted to be sent back to jail.

MOST of the island's centeniers also do full-time jobs. Lucas is up at six in the morning, and sometimes works in the fields and buildings on his farm until eleven at night. In the tomato season he has 120,000 plants to attend to as well as pigs and poultry.

When he is called out suddenly his wife, Elaine, takes charge of the farm. She is well accustomed to managing agricultural affairs, minding two young children, baking—which, like all Jersey women, she does exquisitely—and dealing with emergency phone calls. She knew just what to expect when her husband took the job. Her father also had been a centenier.

Mrs. Lucas, who is a trained nurse, has taken an active part in many of her husband's cases. She has comforted distraught women and nursed the injured when motor accidents have taken place near their big white farmhouse at St. Brelade.

And often she helps parishioners in domestic trouble. One evening, when she was expecting at any hour to go into a nursing home for the birth of her own second child, a woman knocked on the door. "Fetch the centenier quickly," she said. "Mrs. X has had her twins. There's no food in the place, no milk, no clothing, and no bob for the electric light. Please ask the centenier to help."

Mrs. Lucas was alone. Her own bags were packed. "We must get the mother and babies to the dispensary," she said.

"Impossible," came the reply. "The rest of the family has measles."

Elaine Lucas unpacked her own things, gave nightdresses and clothing, and cut up sheets to make swaddling for the infants.

At any time Lucas may have to go to England or France. Not long ago a visitor to Jersey agreed to buy a motor launch for £600, and paid by cheque. He stocked the boat with food, cameras, and a rifle—all obtained by cheques on an island bank, and sailed during the night. The cheques bounced. Lucas studied the tides and weather conditions, and warned harbour and airport authorities to keep watch.

Then came a message from French police that a strange boat had run aground on a Brittany beach. Less than three hours later Lucas and a C.I.D. man from St. Helier were on a plane for St. Brieuc where the local gendarmerie rushed them by car to the beach. A man was trying to get the boat floated again. He looked up in astonishment. "You win. I'll come with you," he told the centenier.

Like most of the island's honorary police, Bryan Lucas speaks French as a second language—an invaluable asset in such cases, and in dealing with French workers who come to Jersey in the potato and tomato seasons.

There is close co-operation between the centeniers and Scotland Yard. Theoretically the honorary police system has changed little since it was introduced from Germany by the Franks when they overran ancient Gaul but, in practice, time has brought many changes. Centeniers are now helped by the latest crime detection techniques.

The Yard's fingerprint and scientific departments are placed at the island's disposal. A series of burglaries in the St. Brelade area was stopped when Lucas noticed that the culprit had moved a bottle on a windowsill to gain entry to a house. He might as well have left his signature. His fingerprint was checked in Scotland Yard records, and the man was caught.

Not only is Lucas called upon as a detective and keeper of the law, but some parishioners treat him as a father confessor cum fairy godmother. He listens to both sides of countless family quarrels.

One husband who was not on speaking terms with his wife handed Lucas £4 from his pay-packet every Friday. The wife, who was living in the same house as her husband, collected it in the evening. When the man cut the allowance to £3, his wife launched a furious attack on Lucas.

Suddenly the parties stopped calling. When Lucas asked why, he was casually informed: "We've made it up now. But didn't you know?"

There is very little, in fact, that the honorary police do not know about the ways and whims of the parish folk. That is the main argument they level at those who wish to institute a paid police force all over the island.

"Give me details of any trouble that has occurred," says Lucas, "and as often as not I'll take you straight to the culprit. We live and work among these people, and, on the whole, they respect us for doing our duty."

Jersey's centeniers are answerable to the elected constable (or mayor) of their parish. The constable is also head of police affairs within his area of jurisdiction and can impose fines for small offences, mostly traffic law infringements, at the parish hall. Where there is no case for a fine, centeniers are empowered to deal with traffic incidents on the spot. Insurance companies often act on their assessment of responsibility where there is damage.

Cases of a more serious nature are presented at St. Helier's Police Court, or passed to the attorney general, who is public prosecutor for the island.

SUBORDINATE to the centeniers are a number of vingteniers and constable's officers. They may be called upon by the centeniers for assistance in much the same way as sheriffs in the Wild West enlisted the help of posses in time of trouble. The only outward sign these men show of their rank is a small badge worn in the lapel.

Lucas gained much experience in police duties during ten years' service as a constable's officer. He has a vivid recollection of his first encounter with crime. Not long after he became a constable's officer he was detailed to lie in wait for smugglers above a secluded bay on the rocky island coast.

Slowly, out of the gloom of a moonless night, a lorry trundled towards him. Lucas challenged the driver and demanded to search the lorry. No sooner had he climbed on the tailboard than the vehicle roared away with a jerk that flung him to the ground. Lucas jumped into a car and raced off in pursuit.

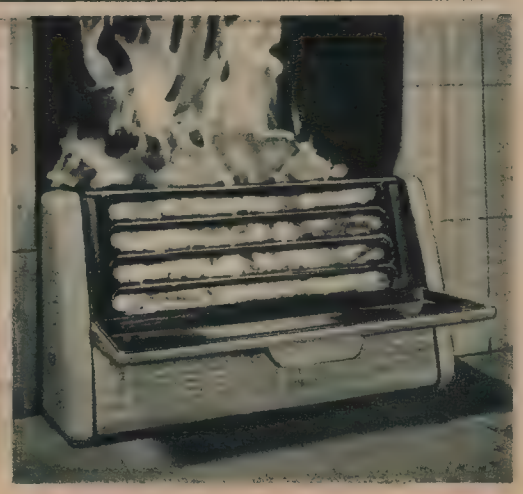
Repeatedly, as he tried to pass the lorry, it swerved across the lanes and blocked him. Finally he careered past, forced the lorry to halt, and held the driver until reinforcements arrived. The lorry was crammed with contraband brandy from France.

Centenier Lucas has dealt with everything from injured seagulls to brutal assault, from robbery to family tiffs. One of the few crimes he has not yet met is murder. If it ever happens, farmer Lucas will be on duty. THE END

DEWAR'S

IS THE SCOTCH

—IT NEVER VARIES



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Three steps forward

Continued from page 13

is why she called the whole block the Cerebral Palsy Unit, and it has been called that ever since.

Mrs. Collis allowed John and me to go home for a week's holiday.

Mother was living in a three-roomed flat over some shops in the City of London. Because of the stairs and the bitter weather I was unable to go out much, but I did not want to go back to the unit.

It was the first time I had been home in years and I enjoyed being the centre of attraction for a while.

Besides this, my Aunt Queen lived nearby and I was able to get to know her and her family, who had previously been strangers to me. They were living in Hull when I first went into hospital, and in my fertile imagination Aunt Queen had always been a queen wearing a crown, and the place she lived in was "Hell." It came as rather a surprise to find that she was an ordinary human being with a very warm heart.

This week at home passed all too quickly, and soon I was back on the unit. I cried and cried, and when Mrs. Collis asked what was wrong, I sobbed: "Let me go home, I want to go home."

To this she sternly replied: "You will go home when I let you."

A week later the day of the concert arrived. The concert—for which we had been working and waiting for such a long time!

I woke that morning and saw my dress over a chair, all nicely ironed and ready for the afternoon. As I looked at it a butterfly awoke in my stomach, so to deaden it I got up and dressed. After breakfast we all helped to put the finishing touches to the stage (five big tables lashed together) in the schoolroom. There was a red-white-and-blue cloth right across the front and green leaves in vases on the floor. Then, after the final rehearsal, we had our dinner.

The excitement rose as I sat before the mirror changing from a drab navy-blue drill-slip and jumper into my dream dress. It was made of white organdie scattered with little forget-me-nots. Two little blue bows of ribbon sat on the shoulders, and the skirt, yards and yards of it, billowed around me like a cloud. I kept my black boots on—I knew they would not show. Then Miss Kember and Judy covered my face with theatrical make-up and fixed a big white rose in my hair.

At last I was on the stage with the others and looked down at the room packed with people. One boy, Brian, had his drum tied to the arm of his chair so that he could bang it carefully. All the children looked very smart sitting there, the little girls in clean jumpers and drill-slips and the boys in grey suits. Mrs. Collis, looking handsome in a black dress, stood up to say a few words of introduction, and I felt very proud of her.

THE show was on. We all played together, then John and a girl called Betty danced their version of the polka—very well, but rather like two puppets with unseen hands pulling the strings. Sylvia and Lily, two shaky little girls, sang a song. We all did something on our own or in small groups, and the audience loved it. Quite near the end it was my turn.

Judy came on to the stage to help me from the chair to the floor and while Miss Kember picked up her cello I knelt, holding the skirt of my dress. I must have looked like a great big tea-cosy.

To the music of the cello and piano I danced; my knees never left the floor but my arms circled the air and my body swayed to and fro, rhythmically, in time to the music, while I tried hard to achieve the poise and grace of a ballerina. When the dance ended everyone applauded and I felt exhilarated.

The last item of our show was given by Rita, who sang "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." She was standing in front of me, singing in her pretty little way, when she began to wobble this way and that. Perhaps it was wrong but I wanted to laugh, she looked so funny. Then she began to fall backwards—"Tighten your buttocks, Rita," I murmured, prodding gently at her seat as she toppled towards me. This steadied her but it was a relief for everyone when she had finished.

We ended that wonderful day with a gay party, partly to celebrate our success and partly because it was my seventeenth birthday.

Now that Mrs. Collis had her own unit she was able to use, with effect, new ways of helping us and she obtained better equipment for the schoolroom. Some of the results of her intensive study helped us and some had to be discarded as useless. She was developing a new attitude to the disability of which I am one of the victims. Often I lay naked on the table for an hour of two so that she could learn more and more about the nature of my movements. I became a human guinea pig, and she used to say she knew more about my way of moving than her own. All the time I went on improving—very slowly perhaps, but I was improving.

By now I was helping Judy in the schoolroom and was enjoying life to the full.

The best time of the day was suppertime. By seven o'clock all the youngsters were in bed and John and I had our supper together in the quiet, empty dining-room.

It was then that we really got to know each other. I often told him about my hopes and fears for the future. We would sit by the window watching the sun go down, or else sit by the fire and roast chestnuts. When they were ready John would knock them out with a poker.

At eight o'clock we were bathed and put to bed, where we could read until lights out at 10 p.m. One night, as I walked with my crab—a three-legged stick—past Mrs. Collis's office, she was still at work and she called out: "Vera, can you bath yourself?"

"Not yet," I replied.

"Call me when you are undressed."

It took me about ten minutes, sitting on the floor, to take off my clothes. Then Mrs. Collis came into the bathroom.

"How do you get into the bath?" she asked.

"Somebody puts me in."

Mrs. Collis told me how to get into the bath without help and how to bath myself. It was a wonderful feeling to be independent in so personal a matter as taking a bath, and after a little practice I never needed help again to bath.

About six months after we had returned to Queen Mary's the war in Europe came to an end. One of our married orderlies, who lived just outside the hospital, took me to a party which she and a few other women were giving for the children living in their street.

We were given a very nice tea and then I watched as the children played games and had fun, and I experienced a strange sensation. For so long I had been living with handicapped children that seeing normal children play and do the things which I knew I could never do made me want to cry—somehow it didn't seem right. Thoughts sped back to the days when Father had been alive, days before I realized that I was "different" from other children. Quickly my mind raced forward through all the changes that had taken place in the years between. What did the future hold for me?

Now that I was seventeen, surely even the determined Mrs. Collis would be unable to keep me at the children's unit much longer. It would have been nice to go home, but I knew in that way I would never get any better and it would have been hard work for Mother to carry me up and down the stairs to the flat. I dared not think of the alternative—to be a patient in a ward for the chronic sick seemed like being condemned to a life sentence in prison for a crime I had not committed.

By early summer, 1945, I was transferred to a ward. I believed I was being sent away because it was thought I would not improve much more. I had progressed well enough to stand alone for a few seconds, to feed myself and attend to most of my toilet needs, but it was still very hard work to do my hair and things like that.

I left the unit with a broken heart. Although the ward I was transferred to was only next door, I felt very lonely. I could not knit, and sewing had been banned to me because when trying to grasp so small a thing as a needle my tendency was to tighten my whole body and lose control of my movements. There was nothing for it but to read and read and read. My crab was part of the equipment of the unit and so remained there, and without it I felt helpless.

FOR a few weeks I was utterly miserable, and then one wonderful day Mrs. Collis arranged for me to go back to the unit for short periods daily. At first I went only for individual work but later on it was to help in the schoolroom as well, and no one could realize how much I looked forward to this, for here, instead of being a helpless nuisance, I could really be useful and help others.

Once a month communion was given in the hospital wards. As John was now the only communicant in the unit he came to our ward for this service. In school the day before he would say, "Be up early tomorrow, and I will be over at about six o'clock," and promptly at 6 a.m. I would be waiting for him in the sister's office. Usually he would bring with him a single flower, saying, "This is for your button-hole, Vera. I picked it on the way over."

The vicar started his rounds early as he had a number of wards to visit, but it was generally 7 a.m. before he reached us because he always left us till last. He knew how friendly John and I were and that hour, once a month, was now the only time we could be alone together.

During the summer Mother and Gladys regularly visited me on alternate Sunday afternoons, but on the weekends when they did not come I was at a loss to know what to do.

One day I had an idea. I would go to see John every other Sunday and perhaps on Saturdays too. I would not be missed on the ward during visiting time and I could get back in time for tea.

To meet John I had to leave my wheel chair on the edge of the grass slope at the back of the ward and crawl towards the old brown hut that stood at the back of the unit. When almost there I would sing—or try to—the first line of "Drink to me only with thine eyes." After a few seconds John's head would pop out of the hut, singing the second line.

In the centre of the field behind the unit was a piece of ground that had been once a garden but had become overgrown with weeds, and in the middle of the weeds was a manhole cover that made a kind of seat.

John always covered this with a red blanket and there, while munching sweets, we would talk and talk for about an hour. Then I would crawl back to the ward, sometimes cutting my knees on the way.

One day I caught a very bad cold and had to stay in bed for a week. While I was there Mrs. Collis came to

MY SISTER Pat

"DOES your brother often sock you?" Princess Alexandra once asked my sister Pat. "No, he knows he would get socked back," replied Pat. This illuminating conversation took place at a jumping competition in which the Princess was riding Pat's horse.

When I was five my mother told me that I was to have a brother or sister. "I want a brother," I told her. Jokingly, she promised: "If it's a girl we'll send it back." It was a girl. For a week I sulked and then relented. "Let's keep it," I said.

Pat must have divined my wish for a brother, because she grew up to be the world's greatest tomboy. She insisted on joining in all my hare-brained exploits, riding horses and climbing trees.

But she was a plump child, and I cruelly called her Fatso. I teased her about being a cry-baby, but on one occasion I was grateful for this. I was eight at the time, and I was fooling around in a tree with a length of rope which had a loop at the end of it. Somehow I slipped. My foot went through the loop, and suddenly I was helplessly hanging upside-down by my ankle from one of the branches.

I was getting purple in the face and Pat went wailing off into the house. It was lucky she did because I would never have got down on my own.

My father was a dentist, but he longed to become a farmer, and there were always plenty of horses on the land round our home at Bray, in Berkshire. My sister began jumping at shows quite early. When she was seven, having done well in the juvenile events, she insisted on going into the ladies' class.

There were two posts six feet six inches apart and four feet high. Pat's horse, Silver Leaf, just could not cope and caught his foot in an upright, sending my sister crashing to the ground, where she lay prone.

I stayed with her on a rather awful journey home by ambulance. She was unconscious until the middle of the night, when she suddenly came to and said: "For goodness sake, help me get this peat out of my mouth."

I was given a horse, too, but as soon as I was sixteen and could get my driving licence I lost all interest in natural locomotion. At this time, Pat was passionately anti-car, and although I used to take her for exciting bumpy rides round a field in an old Austin Seven—there was only the chassis left and I tied on a box for her to sit in—she never caught my enthusiasm.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS SISTER? See page 42

see me twice and cheered me up a great deal.

The following Monday I went back to the unit for lessons. As the hands of the clock turned towards noon one of the orderlies came to me and said:

"Take your crab and go into the dining-room."

"But, Anne," I protested, "I go back for dinner."

"I was told to tell you to go into the other room," she insisted.

Willingly I obeyed. During the meal Mrs. Collis walked in, stood by the fire, looked at me for a minute and said: "You are not going back to the ward. I think you can be useful to us if you live here again—or would you like to go back?" My eyes must have told her the answer because she went on, "Come to my office at two o'clock. I want to talk to you."

At 1.45, with the aid of the crab, I went out of the schoolroom, across the courtyard, through the dormitory, and was at her office by two o'clock. The distance was not much more than a hundred yards, but even with the aid of the crab I could walk only very slowly. I went into her office and sat in the armchair.

"Are you pleased to be back, Vera?"

Oh, yes. I feel as if I have come home."

"You have not come back as a child; I want to give you a job. Besides helping in the schoolroom, you will sit in the dormitory after dinner and keep the small children quiet while they have a rest, and I will give you other jobs from time to time."

I was delighted, and said so at supper that night. John was so pleased that he proposed a toast and drank my health—in milk.

It was my job when the orderlies had taken the children into school to keep them amused until the teacher came. It was not always easy to do this and keep the room tidy as well, so one day I asked, "Would you like a story?"

I gave the babies something to do, and told the children who did not want to listen to play quietly.

Sitting on a low chair I began to tell a story I had read in bed the night before. It was a sad story (they preferred sad stories to happy ones), and soon the children who had been playing stopped and sat on the floor beside me.

The room became very quiet, and some of the children had tears in their eyes. I paused.

"Don't you like the story? Shall I stop?"

"Oh, no, Vera. What happens next? We love it."

The room was very quiet when Judy came in and she wondered what had happened.

The questions those children asked! Each night I read a chapter or two of a book and each day I told them all about it.

At nine thirty each morning school started with prayers. As soon as these were over everyone took their places at their desks while I handed out the boxes containing their books and pencils. I did this by putting all the boxes on a chair and then pushing it around in front of me. This task accomplished I took my place between Peter and Brian.

PETER was very wild in his movements and his arms and legs used to shoot out in all directions. When he was reading I had to stand behind him and help him to keep his head straight. I used to try to get him to keep his hands in his lap, but even so he accidentally gave me several black eyes. When he shot an arm up into the air I would grasp it firmly and ask him to think of what he was doing, then guide his hand gently back into his lap.

Both the boys had difficulty in speaking, and Peter was partly deaf as well. He shouted when he spoke, but Brian spoke on the inward breath. Peter had lived at home until he came to the unit, but Brian had lived in hospital all his life. Years before, Brian had had an operation to uncross his legs and this made it unlikely that he would ever walk, so he concentrated on improving the use of his arms.

"In my young days, dancing really *was* dancing . . ."

Neither of the boys could hold a pencil or turn the pages of a book, and that was where I could be useful. The idea was that in teaching other children I would teach myself. Every morning I would say, "Which lesson is first today, reading or sums?"

When the boys did arithmetic Judy would write out a page of sums for each of them. I would show them how to do the sums and write down the answers as they worked them out. Brian was about eight years old when I started helping them; he could count to ten and was just beginning to read. Peter was not much more advanced, so we started from the beginning.

At first I used counters—not ordinary counters but anything from the children themselves to pencils, chairs or bricks.

Soon they progressed past the need for counters and most of their work was done from books.

Teaching the children to read was not done by starting with the alphabet but by reading with them a book in which the same words were used so often that they became imprinted on their minds.

The books used told a very simple story—one was about Old Lob, a farmer, and another about a cat and a ball. I read these books so often with Brian and Peter that I used to dream about them at night.

Half-way through the morning the children had a break for a quarter of an hour in which they were given a drink and taken to the toilet. During this time I sat outside in the courtyard.

The view from here was perfect.

To the front and down each side were gently undulating fields bordered on one side by a dark green copse and on the other by a smallholding where, when it was quiet, we could hear the pigs squealing. A few private houses lay scattered along the hillside, too far away for us to see the occupants.

It was during these mid-morning breaks that I thanked God for the beauty of the earth, and gained strength of mind and body with which to tackle the rest of the day's work.

Sometimes Judy would say, "Let Brian and Peter look after themselves today. I want you to deal with the younger children so that I can take a lesson with the older ones."

Then, as the little ones worked out their sums and put their wooden numbers in place, I wrote down the answers for them in a book and told them whether they were right or wrong.

One morning when we were all working quietly Judy asked me to get her a ruler.

"I can't, they are on the top shelf."

"Well, stand on a chair then."

"I'm sorry, I have a handicap and cannot stand on a chair," I answered smiling.

An embarrassed Judy turned round. "I'm sorry, of course you can't. You see, Vera, I never think of you as being handicapped as you do the job of a normal person."

To my surprise and delight she meant every word she said.

I was very happy helping her. The work I did was not difficult but was more a matter of plodding steadily on day after day.

Usually the children behaved as well for me as they did for Judy. When anybody was naughty, I sat him in a corner to cool off.

Things did not always go smoothly. One lovely summer day I was in charge of a painting class working outside. A sudden cry made me look up to see Sylvia, a very pretty dark-haired child of eight, with her face covered in yellow paint; it was even in her mouth.

"Now what have you done?" I gasped. "John, go and get an orderly for her, please."

"Well, I always wanted to know what paint tasted like—and now I do know and don't like it," sobbed Sylvia.

"You look like a Chinaman. Don't touch anything and try not to swallow

OPPORTUNITY—5

Small opportunities are often the beginning of great enterprises.

Demosthenes

it as I don't want you to die." Then I turned to the rest of the class and said, "Stop laughing. It's not funny. Sylvia is a very silly girl." I was worried that the child would poison herself.

At that minute Judy and an orderly came out together, and when Sylvia had gone in and Judy was clearing up the mess I apologized.

"I'm sorry, Judy. The last time I looked at Sylvia she was painting quite happily."

"Don't worry. I expect this sort of thing to happen sometimes."

Sylvia was given a mouth-wash and a dose of medicine and was none the worse for her experience.

Often one of the children would look out of the window at the few far away cottages and say, "I wonder what it would be like to live in a house?"

Then I used to put down my work and tell them about the outside world. About roads, buses and trains, about houses and how people lived in small rooms and not in dormitories and schoolrooms. It was hard for them to understand that when you buy food in shops you have to take it home and cook it before you eat it, as all hospital food came up from the kitchens ready for the table.

Occasionally when a new child came to the unit he would be frightened by my shakiness and loud, gruff voice. To gain his confidence I would sit near him but play with another child. I did this to let him see that I was not an ogre.

Sooner or later I would feel a small hand on my leg as I knelt at the next table (I always knelt to play with the babies so as to be at the same height as them and not tower over them). When the tiny hand touched my leg and I heard a small voice trying to say, "Pick up my brick," I felt as if something very warm had reached my heart. I was drunk with happiness.

One day the headmistress of the hospital school sent out a notice that there was to be a painting competition. We all entered for it. The subject was a vase of flowers and we did one picture each.

Being cerebral palsied does not stop children from having a talent for painting, and many of their pictures were very colourful. Later we heard, to everyone's amazement, that we had won a prize.

Shortly after this Judy made a tour of the hospital wards to compare the work of other patients with that of our children and she came back delighted.

She discovered that not only were most of our children as far advanced as normal children, but in fact three of them, Brian, Sylvia and Lily, were forward for their age.

AT the time I was given a job in the unit I was also given a room of my own. It had been one of the "separation" rooms and it was furnished with a bed, chair, table and chest of drawers. There was nothing grand about the furnishings, but to me it was heaven.

To have a room of my very own, where I could shut the door and be completely alone—it was something I had dreamed of all the years I had slept in a dormitory and now it had come true. The chest of drawers had one drawer which could be locked. Here I put all my personal things and then hid the key.

On the mantelpiece stood two framed photographs, one of Dad and the other of Stanley, my brother who had been killed in the R.A.F. Whenever I was worried or troubled I shut myself in that little room and talked to these photographs as if those two dear people were still alive.

John also had a small room of his own and in the evening he often went to his room to read while I went to mine to paint.

Time passed happily until January, 1946, when Mrs. Collis was taken very ill, and was away for some months. While she was away there was really no one to take her place. Miss Kember helped us with various occupations and one or two of the mothers of the children came in to do what they could.

Mrs. Collis had always welcomed the mothers of the children as voluntary workers. They used to watch her at work in the treatment room and then carry out her advice themselves so that they knew the best way to handle their children when they took them home.

Every day John and I went into the treatment room and tried to do our work alone.

First we would lie on the floor and then go through our routine work of controlling our movements by thinking as we moved. We worked conscientiously in the beginning because we knew it was for our own good, but it was not easy with nobody there to correct our faults.

Perhaps not so much to the younger children, but to John and me, Mrs. Collis was much more than a researcher and a therapist. She was (and still is to me) a very good friend. John and I based our very lives on her; she did not only help our physical handicap, she helped us to be real people.

One day Judy called to me: "Miss Kember wants to work with you this afternoon. I have been to see Mrs. Collis. She asked me to tell you to

keep working and help Miss Kember all you can."

I went to see Miss Kember, and after we had gone through the routine work she surprised me by saying: "Wouldn't it be nice if you could walk by the time Mrs. Collis returns?"

"Oh yes," I agreed without enthusiasm, because I never really thought I would be able to walk, even with Mrs. Collis's help, and I was quite sure I wouldn't be able to do so without it.

"Shall we try? We will come in here every afternoon and practise walking," Miss Kember said, undaunted and with a beautiful smile all over her kind face.

Miss Kember is a tiny woman, five feet one inch, the same height as myself. During these afternoon walking sessions she would stand behind me with her hands on my hips and say, "Walk." We must have looked like some queer double act from the music hall stage, as we wended our way unsteadily up and down that treatment room floor.

All Miss Kember could see was the back of my head and on one occasion I lost my balance and fell over backwards. Of course, I had a nice soft cushion to fall on as I landed on her tummy, but poor Miss Kember was not so lucky.

Fortunately, she did not hurt herself. I will always remember her sitting on the floor in the middle of the treatment room, just laughing and laughing until she had a pain.

What Miss Kember did not know in those days was that you do not teach a child to walk, or dress or feed himself in one combined effort. A baby goes through several stages before it is ready to walk. So it is with the cerebral palsied child. Under Mrs. Collis's guidance I had gone through the stages of sitting, crawling and standing, but I was not ready for walking just yet, and, unknowingly, Miss Kember was making me use my movement the wrong way in her well-meant efforts to help.

A FEW months after Mrs. Collis had returned to the unit she called me into her office and casually remarked: "I've written a book about cerebral palsy and you're one of the people I've dedicated it to. The book is called *A Way Of Life For The Handicapped Child.*"

"Well, I hope it makes people realize that we can and should be helped," I beamed. A warm glow of pride spread through me. Fancy anyone dedicating a book to me—me, who was no one in particular, just a badly handicapped little cockney girl! "You've written about the treatment of cerebral palsy, and one day I'll write about life in the unit," I boasted, knowing that, although I wanted to write a book, at that stage it was little more than another of my pipe dreams.

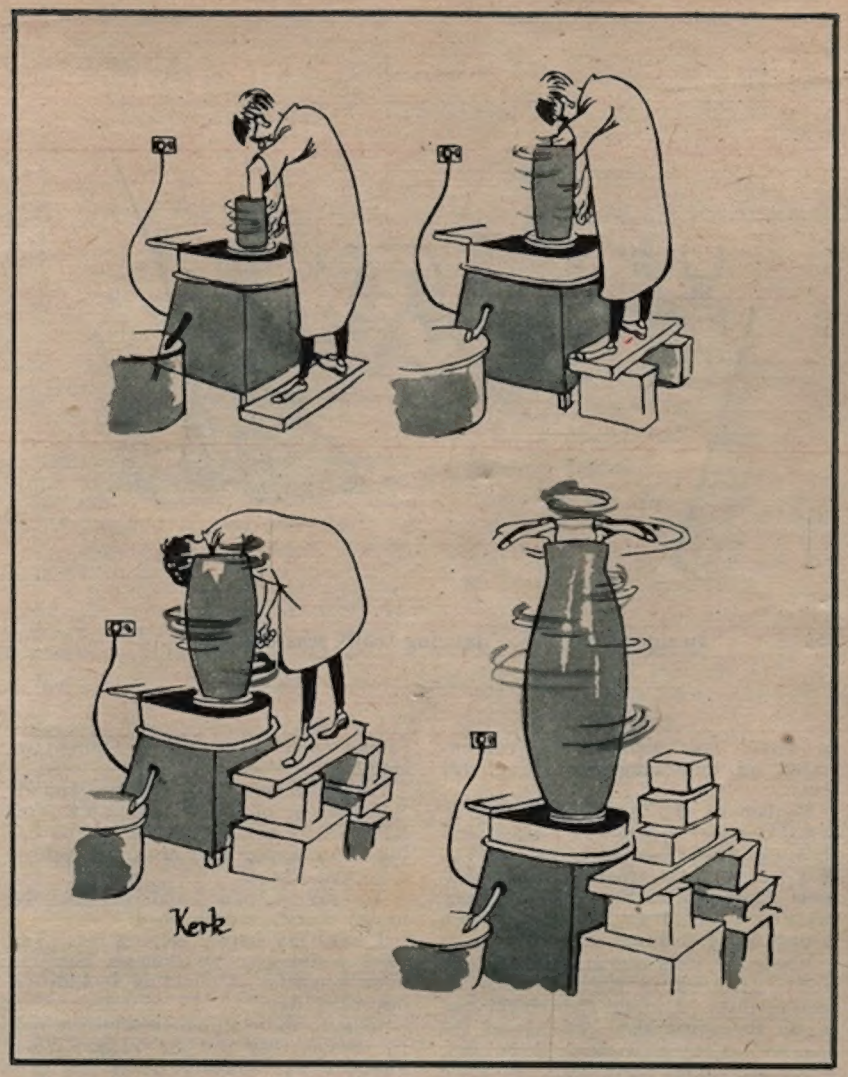
About this time it became apparent to Mrs. Collis that unless I had an official job I would soon have to leave the unit. Only one teacher was allowed in each ward of the hospital and the work I did in the schoolroom was not recognized by the hospital authorities. There was only one way out—I was given a green overall and told I was an orderly.

No pay was attached to this job, but I did get free board and lodging and my treatment continued, so I was quite satisfied.

There were numerous tasks for which I was responsible. These included supervising the younger children while they took their rest hour after dinner and helping in the schoolroom as before.

Another task was to keep an eye on the children in church and see that they did not misbehave. John sat with the few boys we had on the left-hand side of the church, while I sat with the girls on the right. The church was about half a mile from the unit and was reached by a very pretty walk through a long avenue of trees. We made a strange procession along this avenue—a row of orderlies pushing wheel chairs, each containing two or three children.

In church each handicapped child was placed next to one who could hold a book. In this way everyone could take part in the service.



But there was one pretty, golden-haired, blue-eyed little girl who always sat next to me, not because she was badly handicapped but because she was such a little terror. If she sat next to another girl she would either tease her or make her laugh. Another game she loved to play was to drop her collection money with a clatter just when everybody else was very quiet.

It was no use punishing her, as she took no notice: the only alternative was to ignore her. When she found that she had no audience she soon learned to behave.

On Saturdays, when there was no school, John spent his time writing home. For him, as for most of us, this was a laborious task which took several hours. While he was busy I stayed in the schoolroom to watch and help the children at their play.

The schoolroom on Saturdays was a children's paradise. There were two or three small seesaws and one very large one, a Wendy house (a doll's house large enough for children to walk around inside), motor-cars and tricycles of all shapes and sizes, big and small dolls' prams, dozens of dolls, small mechanical toys, and books and puzzles of all kinds.

Each child chose the toy most suited to his physical handicap, firm favourites being the tricycles and motor-cars on which they could ride in and out of the french windows and around the whole block, instead of just staying in the schoolroom. At play the children were relaxed and happy, and at first glance might almost have been mistaken for normal children. None of them wore splints or leg irons.

One Saturday morning the medical superintendent came in with a distinguished visitor who glanced around the schoolroom with a puzzled frown, and was heard to remark: "But, Doctor, you said these children were all badly handicapped. It is obvious that there is not much wrong with those here."

"No?" queried the superintendent. "Just call any one of them and ask them to do some trivial act that a normal child would do without even having to stop to think, and then you will see the difference. Very few of these children riding tricycles at such speed can walk, and almost everyone here has a speech difficulty."

The visitor, subdued, left without realizing that he had been paying us all a compliment. For people to say that we looked normal was the thing we wanted more than anything in the world.

I had known most of these children a very long time and had grown very proud and fond of them. Their personal needs were well catered for at the unit, they received good schooling and treatment, but they also needed love. Some of them rarely saw their parents as they came from homes all over the country, and so I did my best to give them the affection they needed and to show them that someone was really interested in them and in what they did. This rôle earned me the title, "Old Aunt Vera."

Life was now running smoothly in the unit. Attention was paid to every detail of our lives and the days were full and happy. Miss Wood, the speech therapist, used my little room by day for helping us with speech, but I did not mind this as she was only there till five o'clock and her pictures brightened the walls. She also used a large mirror for her work and this was very useful to me when dressing in the mornings.

It was impossible not to see myself when I got out of bed and so I began to take pride in my personal appearance. After many painful attempts I at last learned to comb my hair and get a resemblance to a parting. Very often my head received a terrific bump with the back of the hairbrush instead of the bristles, for the simple reason that the handle of the brush was polished and it therefore slipped around in my hand. Also, the comb often missed the mark and left a deep scratch on my face or neck, but gradually, with Miss Kember's aid, I learned how to attend to this part of my toilet and found I had mastered one more step to independence.

About a week before Christmas I slipped and badly sprained my left foot. For weeks it had to be kept strapped up with a bandage.

After this incident, Mrs. Collis decided it was time I learned to fall correctly so that I would not hurt myself in future. She explained that professional acrobats and parachutists fall regularly without ever hurting themselves, simply by relaxing their bodies and not tensing themselves against a fall. Soon I was falling down every day as part of my treatment, and when I had learned to do this correctly the fear of falling disappeared and gave me greater confidence to walk.

Mrs. Collis was getting rather worried because I could not walk alone.

It was thought a pair of crutches might help me to learn, but with them I was afraid of falling and hurting myself, so that I walked very badly. Mrs. Collis kept repeating: "Tighten your bottom, Vera, stand up. You look like a bandy-legged cow."

The tearful Vera would stand upright while Mrs. Collis was in the room, but would soon go back to the old position when left alone. I was tearful because I wanted to do my best for the woman who had been so good to me, but everything seemed to be going wrong.

After a week with the crutches they were taken away and I was given a pair of walking sticks. With these I felt much happier because, when I fell over, the sticks could be quickly thrown aside and I did not fall on them.

I HAD been given a diary for Christmas and conscientiously kept it up to date with little everyday happenings. Now, one Monday in June, I proudly entered: "Walked on crutches." The following Monday: "Walked with sticks."

At the end of that week Mrs. Collis gave me a little pep talk. "I am going away for a month's holiday, and I want to see you walking on your own when I return."

Not very hopefully, I replied: "I'll try."

On the Monday after Mrs. Collis had gone, I went to my room after tea to fill in my diary for the past week. The first six days were filled with trivial incidents, but there seemed to be nothing to write for the seventh day.

Seeking inspiration I flicked the pages back for the past fortnight, and read: "Walked on crutches." *Not very well,* I thought. I turned the page and read: "Walked with sticks." *How I wish I could put "Walked on my own,"* I mused, and on an impulse added to myself: *Why not try?* Without more ado I put the book on the floor and pushed the wheel chair outside into the courtyard.

I could not take the crab as I wanted to go on the grass, far from everybody. Pushing the wheel chair, I walked as far away as possible. Then I crawled until I was about ten yards from the wheel chair, so that if I fell I should not hurt myself. Slowly I stood up, waited a moment to steady myself and then moved the left foot forward—now the right one—down I went. I got up, and next time went three steps before sitting down. For the first time in my nineteen years I had walked a few steps unaided.

NEXT WEEK: I escape from a hospital for incurables

MY SISTER PAT

See page 40

Pat Moss, horse show rider and racing driver, is the sister of Stirling Moss

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per *Bullet*. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated March 23), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 9, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,078 result.)

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Job For The Boffins
Top Secret
Man Who Tries
Young Puppy
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Giant Strides
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Maddening
Dad's Plateful
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Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

The Disappearing.....
Turned Down The.....
In A Blazing.....
A Squalid.....
Miracle Of.....
The.....Broke Down And

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

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2,078

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Further 10 prizes of £2 10s., 30 of £1 and 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

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